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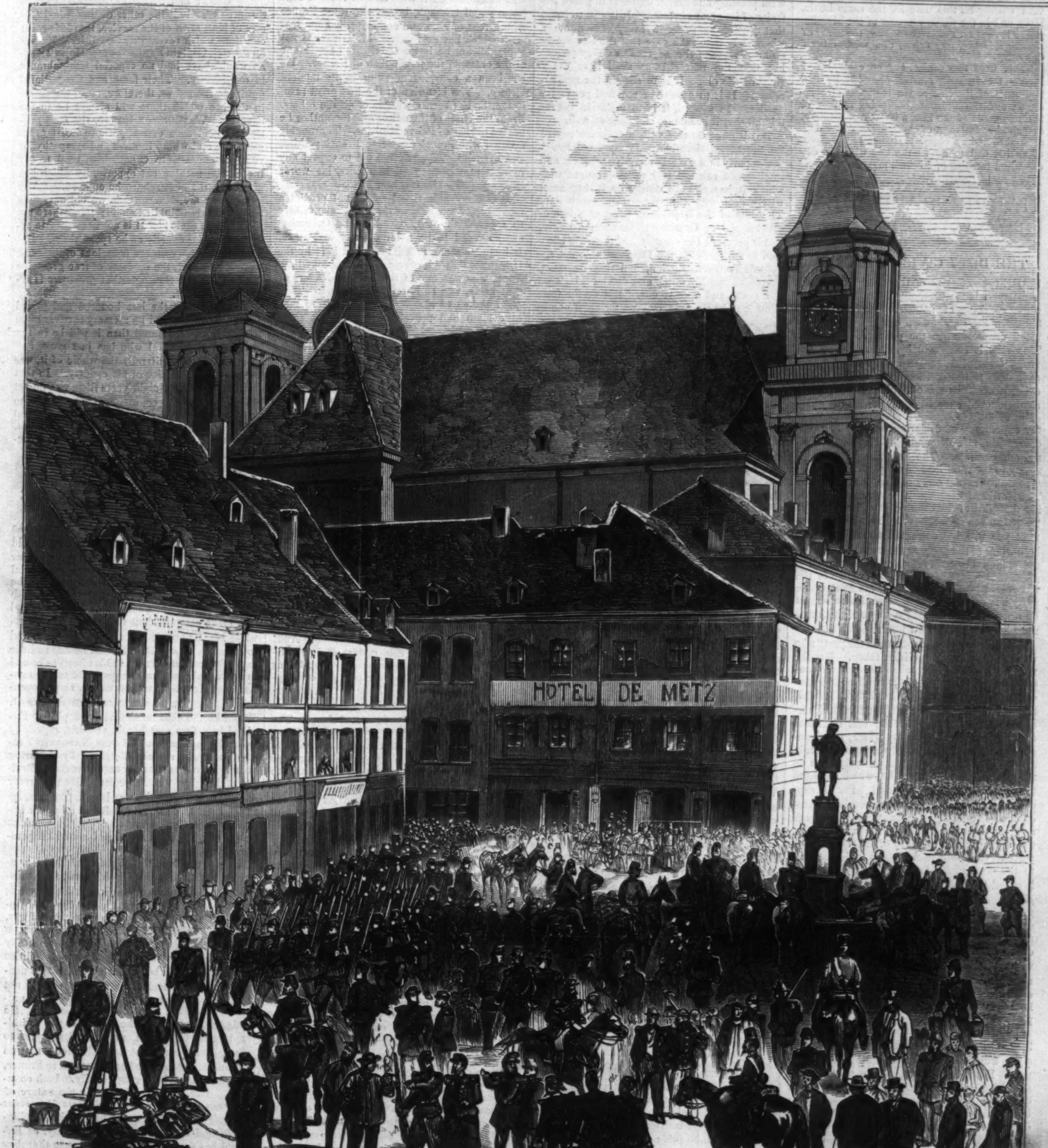


A STREET SCENE IN METZ.—[SEE PAGE 562.]

SCENE AT METZ.

We gave, last week, a sketch of one of the ancient gateways of the city of Metz, within whose vicinity a series of desperate and sanguinary battles was recently fought. This week we give an interesting sketch, on our first page, of a scene within the walls of the city, taken when the streets were alive with preparation for the conflict and all the bustle and stirring activity of military occupation. At the time the sketch was made every street formed a part of a vast camp. Even the civilians wore a military appearance, and every where were bands of soldiers lounging about and looking for drink. "Drinking goes on all day," writes a correspondent, "and no wonder, for the heat is great, and the thin potations of *vin ordinaire* do not fever the blood, though as much can not be said for the bad brandy, the liqueurs, and the strange compounds which seem to have been manufactured on purpose for the army. It is not only that the soldiers like to drink, but they also go into the water. The shallow ditches round the fortifications are made useful in these ways: the men wade about in them, wallowing in pleasant coolness, and also contrive to catch fish which have been waiting all this time for the camp kettle. Here, and in the shallow stream of the Moselle, where it runs on the level country, the army of France splashes, and fishes, and washes itself every day."

There were two camps, one on each side of Metz—the Ban St. Martin, occupied by four regiments of the line and a battalion of chasseurs; and the Polygon, consisting of four or five regiments of the line, a battery of artillery, and another battalion of chasseurs. A few days sufficed to make a complete change in the aspect of affairs, and to crowd the city with the disorganized remains of a beaten army.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 3, 1870.

THE DUTY OF REPUBLICANS.

THE tone of some of the chief Democratic papers in the northern part of the country, when speaking of political prospects in the Southern States, shows a consciousness of divided counsels upon the policy of the party. This view is confirmed by the speech of Attorney-General Akerman upon the situation; and, even if the division were not known to exist, it would be made highly probable by the character and experience of the party. The point of difference, as we stated last week, is the expediency of declaring hostility to equal citizenship, and demanding the abrogation of the amendments. The Southern Democracy, strong in the traditions of the party, denounces "negro suffrage," and the laws that secure it. The Northern Democracy, better comprehending the spirit of the country, cries impatiently, "For Heaven's sake, hush! Think and mean what you will, but don't talk about it!" But both wings of the party agree upon the substantial point—they both refuse to acquiesce in the great settlements of the war. Not one of the recognized leaders or organs of the Democratic party has declared that those settlements must be respected, and that the contests of the future must be joined upon new issues.

Undoubtedly there are those in the party who would like to see this position taken. But the very fact that it is not taken shows their consciousness of the power of the adverse sentiment—a power that can not be disregarded. Indeed, the difficulty for the more intelligent of the Democratic leaders is the character and traditions of their party. It is a party which, for a generation, adhered to a policy which was not only at war with civilization and the principles of the American government, but which outraged the moral sentiment of mankind. For the support of such a policy, and the continued predominance of the party, the deepest ignorance and the strictest discipline were necessary. Consequently the methods of the Democratic party were appeals to the basest prejudice, and to the most sordid fear. It sneered at what it called "moral ideas;" it denounced the negro; and it defended slavery, not as an evil guarded by constitutional compromise, but as a system sanctioned by Christianity, and productive of the welfare of the slaves. At the point of the most utter demoralization of the party, when the speech of any Democratic statesman upon American politics was a hideous satire upon every American principle and every manly human instinct, slavery was swept away, and the party of slavery every where hurled from power.

It begins now to hope for resuscitation. Some of its younger members and recent proselytes would fain throw off the burden of the past. But it is impossible. The party is what its traditions and habits have made it. It is disciplined and ignorant; it hates the negro; it regards the Union as the monument of its defeat; it repeats its old shibboleth of State sovereignty and reserved rights; and it longs to undo all that the war and reconstruction have done. When, therefore, the younger members and the proselytes speak of the old issues as passed away, and of the blindness of those who do not accept the new, they express their hopes, and their fears also, because they dread defeat if their view be not adopted. But even the proselytes do not relinquish the old issues, lest they should lose all influence with the party. As we said, their tone betrays them. They know that it is very easy to talk of rolling off burdens and accepting new issues, but they know also, and so do all thoughtful men, that the leopard does not easily change his spots, nor a party bred upon baseness suddenly become intelligent and honest.

The fact remains, therefore, and the country must bear it constantly in mind, that, whatever a few Democrats may wish, the Democratic party does not even pretend to acquiesce in the national settlements since the war. The party is mastered, as it has been for many years, by its worst elements. Its most positive men and convictions are those that controlled it at its last two National Conventions, and that will control it again. In speaking of new issues and of not relying upon the past, as we have recently done, we have borne all this constantly in mind. We have said, as we feel, that the career of the Republican party is the noblest chapter in our political history. We have said, and we repeat, that one of its most pressing and sacred duties is to guard the fruits of its great victories. It is still to insist that justice be done to every citizen every where. It is to take care that the late rebels do not "manage the negroes" as they please, but that the new citizens shall have every right of the old. It is to sustain the amendments. It is to assert the national power for justice. In a word, it is to maintain inflexibly all that it has done, and done so well.

But it must do this with a constant regard for the actual situation. It must not forget that a party in a country of active progress and intelligence can not rely upon questions with which it has already wisely dealt, but must wisely deal with the demand of every day. The duty of the Republican party at this moment is plain. Granting all that we have said, can it persuade the country that the main question is the fact that the Democrats do not acquiesce in reconstruction, and that we must, therefore, steadily watch and defend it? That is a point, and a grave one. But do the facts show it to be the only, or even the chief one in public estimation? Do the probabilities prove that, if we declare our intention to be to guard what we have done, and refrain from any declaration upon other questions, the country will be satisfied to intrust us with continued power? Is such a declaration evidently sufficient to maintain our lines unbroken? If not, the reason is not that the country supposes the Democrats to have acquiesced, but that, considering the intrinsic weight of all great settlements, and the finality of emancipation, and the proved national and liberal tendency, it regards the non-acquiescence of the Democrats in reconstruction as only one of several immediate questions.

If, indeed, that non-acquiescence were to be made the Democratic platform, the platform would be the gibbet of the party, as it was in '64 and '68. But the country is evidently willing to take the risk, while it is not in the least deceived by the Northern Democratic pretense of leaving "dead issues" behind, for it knows that no issue is dead which commands the sympathy of the majority of a party. The Republicans do well in California, in Ohio, in Louisiana, and in Nebraska, to declare, as they do, that they appeal to the glorious history of the party and adhere to its great principles. Those principles and that history incline the country to trust it, if it pronounces as fearlessly and wisely upon the newer issues of to-day. Will the Republicans of New York do that? Do they suppose it will be enough to say that they will guard reconstruction and approve the action of Congress and the Administration? What do they approve? The fiscal policy of the Treasury? The continued income tax? or the rejection of the President's proposition to buy foreign ships?

There is a severe contest before us. Let us go into it with open eyes. Our glorious work in the war and in reconstruction, our resolution to defend it, and the non-acquiescence of the Democrats, were known in the spring when the majority against us was 80,000. Allow for the enormous frauds, and for our indifference, and for the greater significance of the coming election—allow for every thing, including human nature and the nature of politics, and then decide, fellow-Republicans of New York, whether it will be enough to say at our Convention only that we are Republicans still?

THE END OF THE EMPIRE.

M. Thiers can not be accused of not having what the French call the courage of his opinions. At the opening of the war he denounced it as a great blunder, and, after the first French defeat, while he insisted that the army should be sustained, he said: "The empire is henceforth out of the question. There can be no empire without an emperor. To this state of events a republic must inevitably succeed." The immediate agitation of France, during which M. Thiers spoke, subsided, without a change of the form of the government. But events move so rapidly, and general confidence in the stability of the empire is so totally shaken, that it would not be surprising to learn at any moment that a revolution had taken place, and that Louis Napoleon had followed Louis Philippe and Charles X. Indeed, as a tree whose roots have been thoroughly loosened in a shallow soil can never truly flourish again, it is impossible that a government which has been shown to have so slight a hold upon the nation as Louis Napoleon's can ever wholly recover itself. As we write, Louis Napoleon is emperor upon sufferance. If unwavering victory attends the French arms the empire may still continue, but it will be known to have no root in the love or trust of France.

Therefore, M. Thiers spoke a profound truth when he said that the empire is henceforth out of the question. He knows that a government which, after eighteen years of despotic power, controlling every resource, and straining every energy to invest itself with glory and to win the favor of the nation, has failed so wholly and so ignominiously that a single defeat in the field, instead of bringing all France around it with fervent vows of confidence and triumph, brings the same France with a roar of rage and contempt, is a government which has no future. M. Thiers is not a republican, he is an Orleanist. He is one of the oldest of the public men of France. He has been a conspicuous actor in its modern history. The historian of the first great revolution, he has been a witness of all the others. From the chair of the editor and the author he passed to that of Prime Minister. Thoroughly familiar with French character, French politics, and French history, and too old to expect any further prominent part in affairs, his words have a peculiar significance.

It is observable that he does not predict a monarchy of any kind as the government likely to succeed the empire. Yet the Orleanists are supposed to be a large party in France. It includes many noted men, and it is by the Orleanists that the course of M. Prévost-Paradol, who was one of the brilliant leaders of that party, was so bitterly denounced. They are represented also by princes who are men of evident and proved capacity. But there are no inspiring traditions behind them. The reign of Louis Philippe was one prolonged corruption. It had no higher appeal than that to the cupidity of trade. He was a shopkeeping king in the most sordid sense. He demoralized France, and the least of the distinctions of Guizot and Thiers is that they were Ministers of Louis Philippe. As his reign began by a betrayal of the revolution that enthroned him, so it ended contemptibly. It was snuffed out like a tallow dip. The King, who had one of the most illustrious men in France as his Minister, and who had a vast and servile majority in the Legislature, who was called "Citizen-king," who was supposed, outside of France, to be the idol of the *bourgeoisie* and of the National Guard, had been so unfaithful to his trust that, conscious of having no sincere friends, he ran away at the first sign of trouble. The Orleanists have no hold upon the pride or imagination of France.

Moreover, they could only hope to be accepted upon a promise of a constitutional monarchy. But Louis Philippe promised. And, probably, in France this system is impracticable. A constitutional monarchy may be, as in England, the result of the political development of a nation which wishes to preserve certain traditional forms and appearances with a system to which they do not belong. The English king is merely a powerless hereditary executive. He has all the appearance, and not a single attribute, of royalty. If suffrage in England were as universal as with us, the British government would be more directly a popular government than ours. As it is, the majority of the popular representatives control the government without check. If the king should attempt a veto, he would be dethroned. If the Lords should persist in opposition, they would be swamped. The Ministry governs England, and the Ministry is a committee of the majority in the Commons. Nor was Louis Philippe's government in France properly a constitutional system. In a nation of thirty-four millions of people there were about two hundred and fifty thousand voters, so distributed that a majority of the constituencies did not exceed two or three hundred voters. This offered opportunities of manipulation by an unscrupulous use of an enormous patronage of every kind, a patronage which did not hesitate to approach the most conspicuous men, and too often successfully, so that the government of Louis Philippe was practically an absolute personal rule.

Now M. Thiers evidently thinks that the French will not abolish Louis Napoleon's Cæsarism to adopt that of some one else, and if they do not mean to have a real king, they will not have a sham one. Moreover, he undoubtedly feels, what we consider in another article, that the people of France, perpetually baffled of their will, as each successive form of monarchy falls, will attempt a popular government. He does not say that he has faith in the success of the effort. Perhaps he reluctantly fears that France must be politically "an endless experimenter." But he certainly does not believe that the French people will dethrone one Louis Napoleon merely to crown another.

THE GOOD ADMIRAL.

There was no hero of the war so personally beloved as Admiral Farragut. The feeling with which he will be remembered in this country is like the English regard for Admiral Collingwood. Both were men of the utmost bravery and of the truest simplicity of character; both were skillful seamen; and the spotless personal career of each commends him to that kind of respect which only follows purity of life. Like General Thomas, Admiral Farragut was a man of true modesty. He made no merchandise of his fame nor of his services. Like all the best soldiers and sailors of the war, he was ready to do what his country demanded, but he preferred the quarter-deck and the duties of his special profession.

There is this obvious moral in the career of the dead Farragut and Thomas, as of the living Grant and Sherman and Meade and Sheridan, and all the other distinguished officers of both arms of the service, that it is great occasions which reveal great qualities. Except for the war, Captain Farragut and Major Thomas would have had no especial remembrance in our history. Their fame and the national gratitude remind us, therefore, of all the power in the ore which there will always be in the country. Washington Irving, the most gentle and courteous of men, whose heart never grew old, and whose interest and sympathy for young authors were exhaustless, used to say that it was nothing but opportunity which had given him the kind regard he enjoyed. "The young men are cleverer than we old ones," he said, with his twinkling smile; "but there are too many of them!" It is not necessary to accept his words exactly as he spoke them. But many illustrious men are conscious of the same feeling. Indeed, the modesty of true greatness is often the consciousness that greatness is every where latent.

But it is none the less honored and prized when it appears; and its memory is never more respected and treasured than it will be in the case of the Admiral who has just gone, and whose life, almost literally the whole of it, was devoted to the service of his country. In that long career of fifty-eight years there was no act which his grateful country will be ashamed to remember; and the name of the good Admiral will go down to the gratitude of our children, hallowed by the affection of those who personally knew him.

ENGLISH NEUTRALITY IN THE WAR.

It would be a very serious misfortune if the conduct of England, as a neutral power, should lead to misunderstanding with Germany. Her immediate neighborhood, and her commercial character, and the fact that she is almost the sole common carrier in the war, combined with the uncertainties of what is called international law, make complications very possible. Meanwhile Mr. Gladstone is so honest a man, and so sincerely deprecates war, and he has so little taste for Buncombe, that, in his efforts to be and to seem really neutral, he may add to the confusion. He failed, unfortunately, at the opening of the war, to do more than deplore it. While he did that he should have placed England in a firm and heroic attitude, especially upon the publication of Louis Napoleon's secret intrigues against Belgium, by declaring that England would take care that the neutrality of Belgium was respected. By the treaty with France, since the war began, that has, indeed, been formally accomplished; but the apparent hesitation and reluctance of England, at the outset, has been a serious blow to her prestige.

It appears, from the dispatch of Earl Granville, the British Foreign Minister, to the English representatives in Germany, that there is an impression in that country that England violates her neutrality by selling munitions of war, horses, and coal to France. Lord Granville replies to this charge, that England faithfully observes her neutrality, because equal facilities are given to both belligerents, and that no neutral power can decide what is and what is not contraband, nor totally prevent as well as prohibit the export of contraband material. He adds that Prussian authorities have not considered coal contraband, and that its export to neutral ports could not be prohibited; that no munitions of war have been exported to France, and that horses have gone equally to both countries. But the difficulty lies in the nature of the case. When a nation departs from strict neutrality, giving no assistance to either belligerent, and adopts impartial neutrality, as England has done, the lines are so vague that they can not always be discerned. Impartial neutrality is almost impossible in fact, however smooth in theory, because every act under this name must be more beneficial to one of the belligerents than to the other. It is for this reason that the better practice of nations tends to strict neutrality.

It is conceded that to carry to a belligerent articles useful in war is an offense for which the neutral taken in the act may be punished by the injured state. But it is very difficult, and, in fact, impracticable for a neutral government to watch trade so narrowly as to prevent such carriage, and Lord Granville is correct in saying that it can not be done. Moreover, in the absence of express treaty stipulations, it is difficult to decide what is contraband. The history of custom upon this subject shows that there are the widest differences of opinion. The treaty of 1794, between the United States and Great Britain, made many kinds of naval stores contraband, and whatever serves for the equipment of vessels, excepting "unwrought iron and fir planks." Money has been sometimes contraband by treaty, sometimes excepted. So with provisions and horses. But, as we have hitherto stated, articles of use in war are constantly changing with the progress of invention, so that no precise rule can be established in the absence of specific treaty.

And even in that case the good feeling of belligerents toward a neutral will depend upon the evidence of his moral sympathy. We, for instance, are neutral in the present war, and it is to be hoped that we shall remain so. But, of course, our sympathy is not neutral, and the French, if they could read our papers, and know the real feeling of the country, would feel much less kindly toward us than the Germans. And it is to this sympathy that we must confide the mutual good understanding of Germany and England. Meanwhile the condition of the universal sympathy with Germany in this contest is well understood. It is not with any dynastic ambitions, nor are such ambitions sought to be gratified. An effort at territorial aggrandizement beyond the German frontier would bring upon Prussia a coalition of civilization. There is no misapprehension upon this point, nor does any thoughtful man in Europe or America really suppose that such an attempt would follow the war. We may fairly anticipate as the result of the contest the actual union of Germany, and the emancipation of France from personal government. Should it be prolonged, other and unforeseen changes, arising from the social discontent of Europe, must be expected.

A VIRTUOUS *IF*.

It was lately announced from Spain that if the insurrection in Cuba was not suppressed by September, fifteen thousand more troops would be sent out. This statement was made the occasion of a dispatch from Washington that the island was to be given up to fire and sword. And thereupon the enemies of the Administration loudly declared that General Grant had surrendered the Monroe doctrine, had betrayed the honor of the country, and had made the United States responsible for the mad slaughter and devastation which were about to take place in Cuba. It is not easy to imagine a more ludicrous assault, and it shows how little serious objection can be urged against the Administration, when such an absurd assertion is gravely made. *If* an increased force is sent from Spain—*if* it proceeds to slay, burn, and torture—*if* the wretched island is soaked in blood, and *if* the United States Government sees the laws of war violated and humanity outraged without a protest, then, indeed, it would betray the honor of the country and outrage the national feeling. There is much virtue in *if*. As for the Monroe doctrine, it would have as much to do with it as the tariff of the German Zollverein.

The position of the United States toward the Cuban difficulty, under this Administration, has been honorable, unmistakable, and consistent with the best traditions of the government. It has been honorable, for the Government has vigilantly executed its own laws, and has faithfully observed its treaty engagements. It has been unmistakable, because its action has been frank and open. It has been consistent with our best traditions, because, while not concealing the natural sympathy of American citizens for all people striving for independence and self-government, it has uniformly repudiated the doctrine that every government may properly take part in every quarrel, and has asserted that the question of belligerency is one of fact, and not of sympathy. It has remembered and emulated the honorable position of President Washington, when war raged between the then recent enemy and friend of the United States; and it has borne steadily in mind, as its rule of action, what President Monroe said of his own Administration when it accorded belligerent rights to the Spanish colonies of South America, fifty years ago: "As soon as the movement assumed such a steady and consistent form as to make the success of the provinces probable, the rights to which they were entitled by the laws of nations, as equal parties to a civil war, were extended to them."

Meanwhile, as the contest in Cuba has been occasionally conducted upon both sides with unjustifiable ferocity, our Government has made the most earnest and emphatic remonstrance; and it is unquestionably this position of the United States which has restrained the struggle, upon the whole, within the rules of civilized warfare. That the Spanish Minister in Washington misunderstands this position is an absurd conjecture. No man knows better than he the character and tendency of the situation. No man so authoritatively as he would insist that the rules of war must be respected in Cuba by his Government, because he understands that nothing would so immediately decide public opinion and the Government of the United States upon practical interference in Cuba as a Spanish policy of fire and sword. If the story of the dispatch from Washington were true, and Spain proposed to begin slaughtering and burning in September, the United States Government would immediately interfere, and upon principles as familiar and honorable and acknowledged as those upon which it has hitherto proceeded.

Nothing is more conclusively recognized than the right of nations to interfere in a quarrel which is waged in a manner repugnant to humanity, and even to insist upon interference by war. Great Britain, France, and Russia so interfered for the Greeks against Turkey in 1827, when the combined fleet of those powers destroyed the Turco-Egyptian fleet in the harbor of Navarino, and secured the independence of Greece. Wheaton declares that the plea of humanity alone, without regard to the interests of commerce or of European repose, was a sufficient justification. There were similar interferences between Holland and Belgium, and between Turkey and Egypt. They are among the most familiar facts of recent history, and he must have an amusing conception of the present Government of Spain to suppose it ignorant of them, and a most contemptuous regard for its common-sense to imagine that it would provoke such inevitable interference in Cuba from the United States. If Spain should do what it is alleged that she proposes to do in Cuba, the prompt and peremptory remonstrance of the United States Government would be the more powerful from its honorable attitude in the contest hitherto.

BURNING OF DARIEN, GEORGIA.

Robert F. Clute, Rector, and W. Robert Gignilliat, Senior Warden of St. Andrew's Church, Darien, Georgia, have published an appeal "to the members of the Episcopal Church and all other friends of religion and education in the United States," asking relief for their parish.

This appeal begins by a statement concerning a young officer in the service of the United States who subsequently fell, at the head of his regiment, in the assault upon Fort Wagner. It is in these words:

> "June 11, 1863, without an engagement, the town of Darien, Georgia, was taken and burned by the United States colored troops, Colonel Shaw, Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, commanding."

This statement is incorrect in so far as it refers to Colonel Shaw, Colonel Montgomery having been the officer in command.

Colonel Shaw's opinion respecting the burning of Darien may be learned from the following extracts from letters written by him at the time, which we publish as an act of justice toward all concerned in that affair:

> "St. Simon's Island, *June* 14, 1863.
>
> "*His Excellency* John A. Andrew, *Governor of Massachusetts:*
>
> "Dear Sir,—....On the 10th and 11th inst. we took part in an expedition under Colonel Montgomery. We met no enemy, and our only exploits were the capture of 85 bales of cotton, and the burning of the town of Darien. The latter performance disgusted me exceedingly. I never knew before of a town being burned to the ground without some good reason, especially when it contained only old men, women, and children."

> "*June* 12, 1863.—....About noon we came in sight of Darien....Montgomery said to me, 'I shall burn this town.'....I told him that I did not want the responsibility, and he was only too happy to take it all on his own shoulders; so the pretty little place was burned to the ground....One of my companies assisted, because he ordered them out, and I had to obey.... The reason he gave me for destroying Darien was that the Southerners must be made to feel that this was a real war, and that they were to be swept away by the hand of God like the Jews of old. In theory this may seem all right to some; but when it comes to being made the instrument of the Lord's vengeance, I myself don't like it. Then he says: 'We are outlawed, and therefore not bound by the rules of regular warfare.' But that makes it none the less revolting to wreak our vengeance on the innocent and defenseless. ....I have not yet made up my mind as to what I ought to do. Besides my own distaste for this barbarous kind of warfare, I am not sure that it will not be very injurious to the reputation of black troops and of those connected with them. For myself, I have gone through the war so far without dishonor, and I do not like to degenerate into a plunderer and a robber; and the same applies to every officer in my regiment. If it were the order of our government to overrun the South with fire and sword, I might look at it in a different light, for then we should be carrying out what had been decided upon as a necessary policy. As the case stands, we are no better than 'Semmes,' who attacks and destroys defenseless vessels.
>
> "Montgomery, from what I have seen of him, is a conscientious man, and really believes what he says: 'That he is doing his duty to the best of his knowledge and ability.'
>
> "There are only two courses for me to pursue: To obey orders and say nothing, or to refuse to go on any such expeditions, and be put under arrest—probably court-martialed—which is a serious thing."
>
> "*June* 13, 1863.—I am going to write to General Hunter's Assistant Adjutant-General; for, unless Montgomery has orders from head-quarters to lay the country in ruins, I am determined to refuse to obey his orders in that respect."
>
> "*June* 22, 1863.—Montgomery returned from Hilton Head this morning....He found General Gillmore, who has relieved General Hunter, very friendly and anxious to second him in every way, with the exception of the burning business—so that is satisfactorily settled. Montgomery now tells me that he acted entirely under orders, and was at first very much opposed to it himself, but finally changed his mind."
>
> "*June* 28, 1863.—....I think now, as I did at the time of the burning of Darien, that such wanton destruction is cruel, barbarous, impolitic, and degrading to ourselves and our men; and I shall always rejoice that I expressed myself just as I did....It is rather hard that my men, my officers, and myself should have to bear part of the abuse for that affair, when they—the officers, at least—all felt exactly as I did about it."

> "St. Simon's Island, *June* 14, 1863.
>
> "*Lieut.-Col.* Halpine, *A. A. G. 10th A. C. & Dep. of the South:*
>
> "Dear Sir,—Will you allow me to ask you a private question, which, of course, you are at liberty to answer or not?
>
> "Has Colonel Montgomery orders from General Hunter to burn and destroy all towns and dwelling-houses he may capture? On the 11th inst., as you know, we took the town of Darien without opposition, the place being occupied, so far as we ascertained, by non-combatants. Colonel Montgomery burned it to the ground, and, at leaving finally, shelled it from the river. If he does this on his own responsibility, I shall refuse to have a share in it, and take the consequences; but, of course, if it is an order from head-quarters, it is a different matter; as in such case I suppose it to have been found necessary to adopt that policy. He ordered me, if separated from him, to burn all the planters' houses I came across.
>
> "Now I am perfectly ready to burn any place which resists, and gives some reason for such a proceeding; but it seems to me barbarous to turn women and children adrift in that way; and if I am only assisting Colonel Montgomery in a private enterprise of his own, it is very distasteful to me.
>
> "I am aware that this is not a military way of getting information, and I hope you will feel that I shall not be hurt if you refuse to answer my question.
>
> "Believe me, very truly yours,
>
> "Robert G. Shaw,
>
> "Colonel Commanding Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment."

NOTES.

In an old book of travels, which may be found in almost every library, there is a curious account of the ludicrous prejudices of one of the tribes in the interior of New Holland. Thus, if a bald-headed foreigner suddenly appears among them, the savages of the tribe, after one look at him, close their doors and refuse to receive him, as if he were accursed. We who are civilized, and especially those of us who wear wigs, know, however, that a bald-headed man is as good as the rest of us. But in the interior of New Holland they have a great deal to learn. Upon reflection, however, it was not New Holland, it was New York, that the book must have described. For we find the following paragraph in the latest newspaper:

> "The steamship *Palmyra*, from Liverpool, *via* Queenstown, brought to this port, among other passengers, President Roye of the Liberian Republic in Africa, and his private secretary. They applied for admission at several well-known hotels, but were not permitted to enter on account of their color."

Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, has been warmly received by his Roman Catholic brethren upon his return from the Œcumenical Council. But we observe that he is reported to have said that the declaration of Infallibility is not binding until it has been signed by the bishops, and formally promulgated by the Pope. The Council, however, anathematized any one who should say that Œcumenical Councils are "superior to the Roman Pontiff or equal to him, or necessary by divine institution to the completion of the Infallible Magistracy of the Bishop of Rome." This being so, what possible difference can it make whether the Council decree the Pope to be infallible or not? If he is infallible whether the Council say so or not, why should the doctrine of his infallibility not be binding until the declaration of the Council is published? If the Council had declined to decree the infallibility, would the Pope not be infallible? And if the decree was necessary to establish the infallibility, how could infallibility be "complete" without it? We do not observe that the Archbishop treated these questions.

General Cox, the Secretary of the Interior, has written a letter denouncing the practice of levying a tax upon public officers for political expenses. This is only one of the good services of the Secretary, who, in his annual report at the opening of the last session of Congress, made an admirable exposure of the iniquities and absurdities of our present civil service system. The justification of the tax levied upon the government clerks is that their places are prizes which they receive from the party, and if they are not willing to pay a percentage upon their salary, there are plenty of equally capable and meritorious members of the party who would gladly pay a larger tax upon the same salaries. By such persuasive arguments complaint is silenced, and the philosophic inquirer is told at head-quarters that nobody is compelled to pay: gentlemen are only asked how much they would like to contribute to the expense fund of the party! The honest salaries of government clerks are so moderate that this invitation naturally stimulates them to discover how the profits of their positions may be increased. The political tax upon the government clerks is a premium upon fraud.

"Sentinel," the courteous and long-experienced correspondent of the *World*, describes a recent visit of farewell to Mr. Seward, at Auburn. As they looked at a portrait of John Quincy Adams, for whom Mr. Seward has always expressed the profoundest respect, Mr. Seward described a conversation with him more than a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Adams asked how long the contest between freedom and slavery would last. Mr. Seward answered, "About twenty-five years." "How will it come?" "By peaceful agitation," replied Mr. Seward, characteristically. "No, no," exclaimed Mr. Adams; "its end is to come only by a terrible war." "Sentinel" says that Mr. Seward has no fixed plan for his Oriental journey, and contemplates it as quietly as if he were seventeen rather than seventy. He "goes the world over with a light heart and clear head."

A Roman Catholic clergyman in New York asked, in a sermon, the other evening, whether "parents fulfill their duties by sending their children to the godless State schools," etc. But are all schools godless in which a catechism is not taught? Does the excellent priest think, for instance, that botany and astronomy are godless studies? He asked: "Do parents imagine that one half hour in the week at Sunday-school is enough to teach their children religion?" Evidently, if they do not, they will have them taught religion more than half an hour in the week.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

The dispatches from the seat of war in Europe are still confused and contradictory, the only intelligence that admits of no doubt whatever being that a series of terrible and exhausting battles has taken place between the French and German armies around Metz, with what results, beyond a slaughter almost without parallel in modern warfare, can only be conjectured. The German dispatches assert the complete discomfiture of the French under Marshal Bazaine, and their retreat within the walls of Metz. This is denied by Count Palikao, who stated on August 20, in the Corps Législatif, that the Prussian attack on Bazaine was signally repulsed. Unofficial reports from Paris state that Marshal Bazaine at the latest dates still held a position from which he could march on either Verdun or Metz, as circumstances demanded. All the probabilities are, however, in favor of the Prussian statements.

To enable our readers to form a clearer idea of the present scene of hostilities than could be obtained from an ordinary map, we publish a carefully drawn bird's-eye view of the seat of war, forming a double-page pictorial map, on which are laid down all the places where battles have been fought, together with an accurate representation of the surface of the country. With the aid of this map, and a few words of explanation, our readers can form a pretty accurate notion of the progress of the war up to the 21st of August. After the defeat of M'Mahon at Weissenburg, and of Frossard at Saarbrück, the French under Marshal Bazaine were concentrated between Etain and Falquemont, covering Metz. On the approach of the Prussian centre and right wing, under the command of the Prince Royal and General Steinmetz, Marshal Bazaine withdrew within the fortifications. This was August 12; on the 14th he attempted to evacuate the city. The movement was discovered by the Prussians when only one-half his army had crossed the Moselle. They at once attacked the retiring column, and a fierce fight ensued, in which the Prussians lost enormously in killed and wounded, but gained the object of the battle, which was to delay the retreat of the French. On the 15th the Prussians made a reconnoissance in force to the west of Metz, which disclosed the fact that the main body of the French army had crossed the Moselle. Portions of the Prince Royal's army were immediately sent in pursuit, crossing the Moselle at Pont à Mouson, some miles southward of Metz, and pushing northward to intercept the French. On the morning of August 16 the two armies met between Gravelotte and Doncourt, west of Metz, where a severe series of battles took place, resulting in the defeat of the Prussians. The French right reached Mars la Tour the next day. At this point it was immediately attacked by the Prince Royal's army. Fresh troops, moving from Pont à Mouson, had outflanked the French, and interposed between them and Verdun. Marshal Bazaine claims to have held his ground this day; and it is clear that the Prussians were every where repulsed. It appears, however, that the fighting resulted in the retirement of the French in the direction of Metz to Rezonville, where they prepared for another struggle.

Here Bazaine, who had chosen a very strong position, was attacked on the 18th by the army of Frederick Charles in front, and on the flank and rear by that of Von Steinmetz. After an engagement which, by all accounts, was the deadliest of the whole series of battles, the French appear to have been beaten and forced back to Metz, where the Prussians claim they must now stand a siege, their communication with Verdun and Chalons being broken.

On the 19th the Emperor was at Chalons, and visited several army corps. M'Mahon was in command of the troops, and an encounter with the army of the Crown Prince was considered imminent.

GENERAL FOREIGN ITEMS.

Late advices from Mexico declare that the government of that country is completely bankrupt. It is also stated that Romero will probably leave the Cabinet and return to his former post as Minister to the United States.

A recent Havana dispatch says that the Spanish Colonial Minister has intimated to Captain-General De Rodas that, if the rebellion is not suppressed by September 1, 15,000 more Spanish troops will be sent to Cuba.

Cardinal Antonelli has addressed a letter to the Papal Nuncio in Belgium regarding the obligation upon the Church to observe the Apostolic constitution, including the infallibility dogma.

Displeasure is expressed in London at the retreat of the Queen to Balmoral at the present crisis in European affairs, and a regency, with the Prince of Wales at the head, is spoken of.

Sir Edwin Landseer, the painter, is seriously ill.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The funeral of the late Admiral Farragut took place August 17 at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. A large number of prominent military and naval officers, and other distinguished citizens, were present, and the procession was a mile in length. The services were conducted by Rev. R. W. Clark, of Portsmouth, assisted by Rev. Dr. Montgomery, of this city. Dr. Montgomery delivered a eulogistic address on the life and services of the illustrious deceased. The body was placed in a vault at Portsmouth, but will be removed to Annapolis, Maryland, for final interment.

The Hon. James L. Orr, of South Carolina, has published a letter announcing his adhesion to the Republican party of that State. He says for years to come that party must control the State, and opposition to it will perpetuate and increase existing evils.

A meeting of New England capitalists and prominent Canadian lumbermen was recently held at Ottawa, Canada, with a view to forward the construction of a ship canal from the St. Lawrence to Lake Champlain.

Mr. Whittemore has formally withdrawn his name as a candidate for member of the Forty-second Congress in the Columbia District, South Carolina.

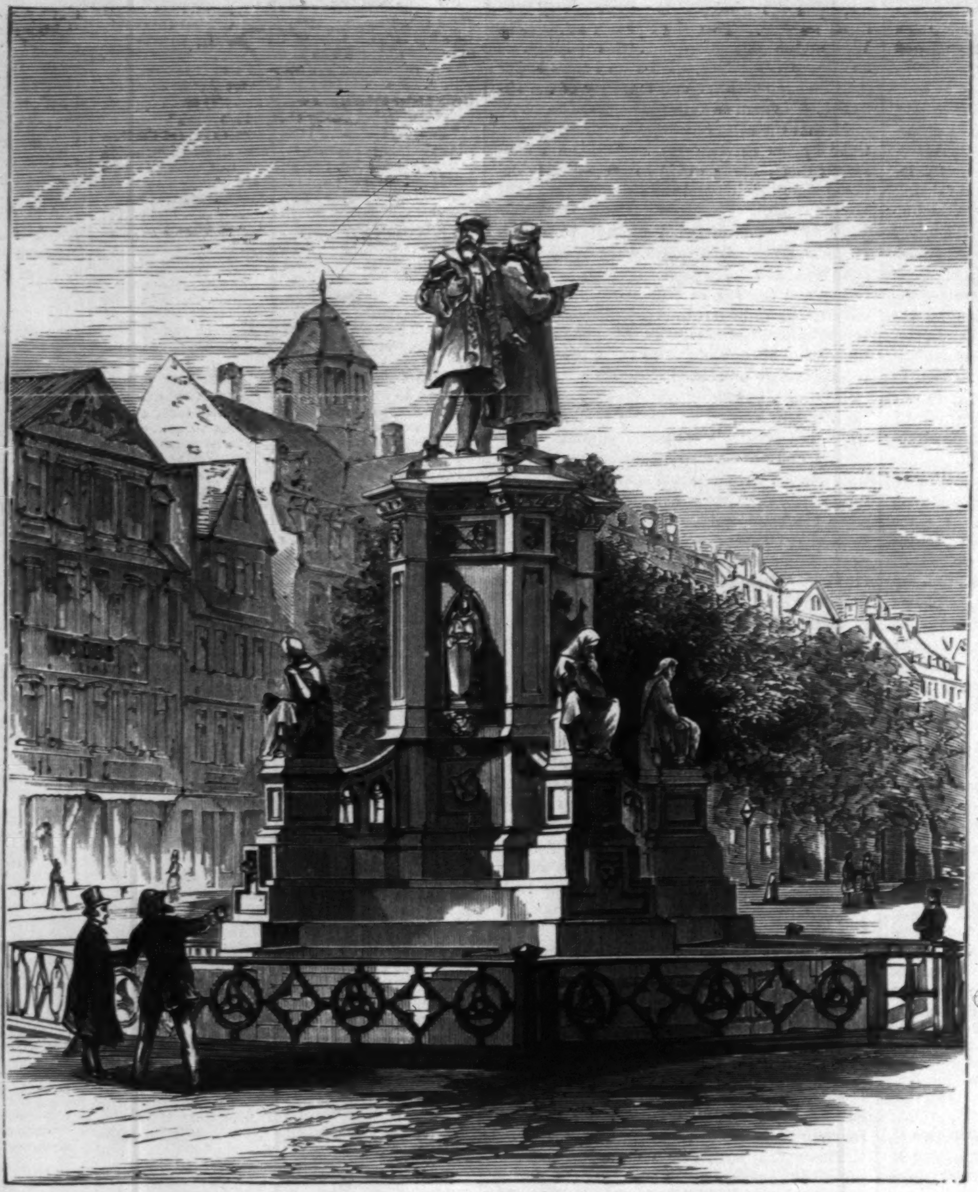
General Stoneman has concluded a treaty with the Yarapai-Apache Indians of Arizona, whereby they agree to protect the whites within their boundaries from depredations by other bands. In Texas the Indians continue to commit depredations, and are more troublesome than ever.

THE FIRST PRINTERS.

In one of the squares of the old imperial city of Frankfort-on-the-Main stands the handsome monument, represented on this page, erected to the memory of Gutenberg, Faust, and Schöffer, who were associated in the earliest development of the art of printing. Faust, or Fust, as his name was sometimes written, probably had no share in the invention of the art; and his connection with it began in 1450, when Gutenberg, having expended a fortune in experimenting, induced the former to enter into partnership with him, and advance funds to establish the business of printing at Mayence. The only known productions of the press of Faust and Gutenberg are an indulgence granted by Pope Nicholas V. to Paulinus Chappe, Embassador of the King of Cyprus (of which thirteen copies, printed on vellum in 1454, remain), and two copies of a second edition, printed the following year, and an appeal to Christendom against the Turks, supposed to have been printed in 1454. In 1455 Faust had a disagreement with Gutenberg, and put an end to the partnership by suing the latter for his advances. He gained his suit, and obtained possession of most of the stock in satisfaction of the debt. He then took into partnership his son-in-law, Peter Schöffer, who had been in their employment, and who had perfected the process of making movable metallic type by the invention of the punch.

Faust and Schöffer for several years kept the printing process a secret, and produced many works, among which was the first printed edition of a classic author—the *De Officiis* and *Paradoxa* of Cicero—a copy of which is in the Astor Library. In 1462 Mayence was sacked by the troops of Adolf of Nassau, and Faust's establishment was broken up. His workmen were scattered, and his secret was divulged by them in other countries.

The pedestal of this monument, which also serves as a public fountain, is of fine sandstone. The figures are of bronze, and colossal in size. The central figure is that of Gutenberg, holding in his hand a specimen of the newly invented movable type; on his right is Schöffer, and on his left Faust. The medallions, thirteen in number, on the frieze, are the heads of celebrated printers. Four sitting figures on separate pedestals represent Theology, Poetry, Natural Science, and Industry. Underneath these are four heads of beasts, which serve as water-spouts, and also to represent the four quarters of the globe—indicating the universality of the art.



MONUMENT TO GUTENBERG, FAUST, AND SCHÖFFER, IN FRANKFORT.

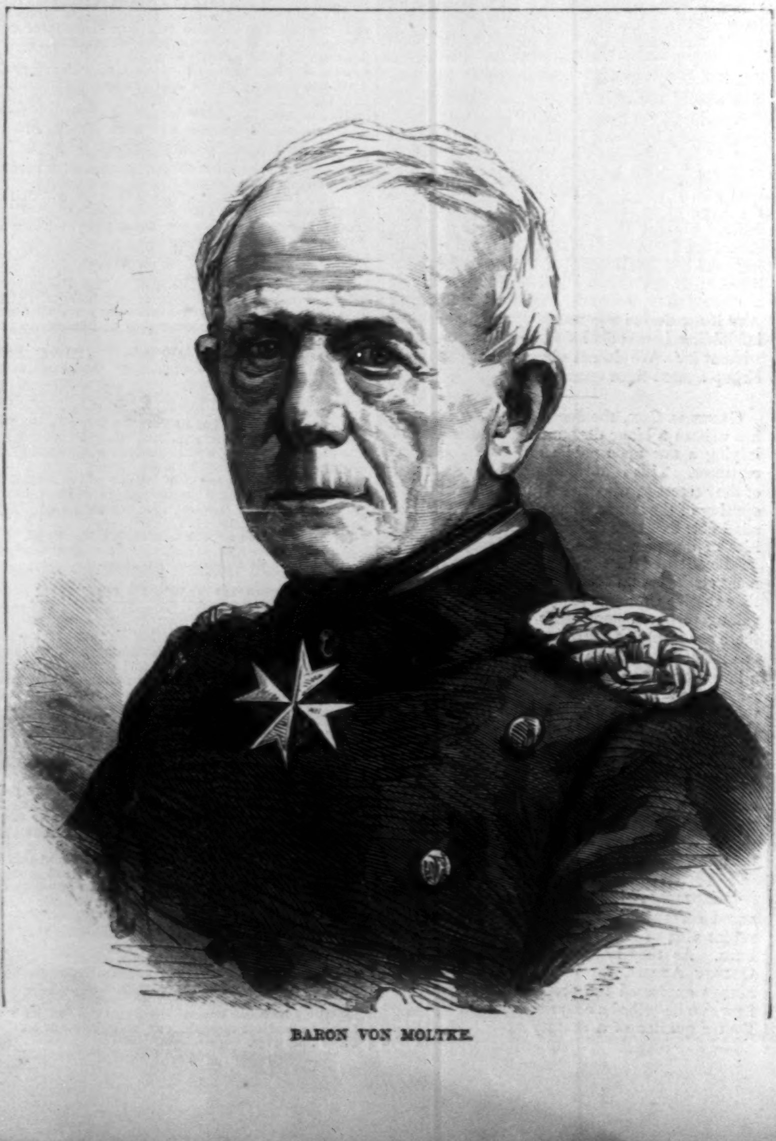
BARON VON MOLTKE.

This able general, to whom the Prussians undoubtedly owe the magnificent and surprising successes that have attended their invasion of France, is very like General Grant in character, of unassuming manners, and reticent to a degree that would drive an interviewer mad. It is said he seldom speaks to any body, and, though familiar with seven languages, can never be drawn into conversation. The following anecdote, which we find in a London paper, is very characteristic of him. Just before the war a well-known and extensive speculator in stocks met him on the street, and, desiring to get a hint for future use, as there was already much talk of an outbreak between France and Prussia, ventured to ask him, "Well, General, how are things getting on?" "Thank you, Sir," was the old gentleman's reply, "my rye crops are getting on beautifully, but my potatoes are very backward." The speculator took the hint, and forebore to press his inquiries. The General can hardly feel dissatisfied with the way things have been getting on with him since.

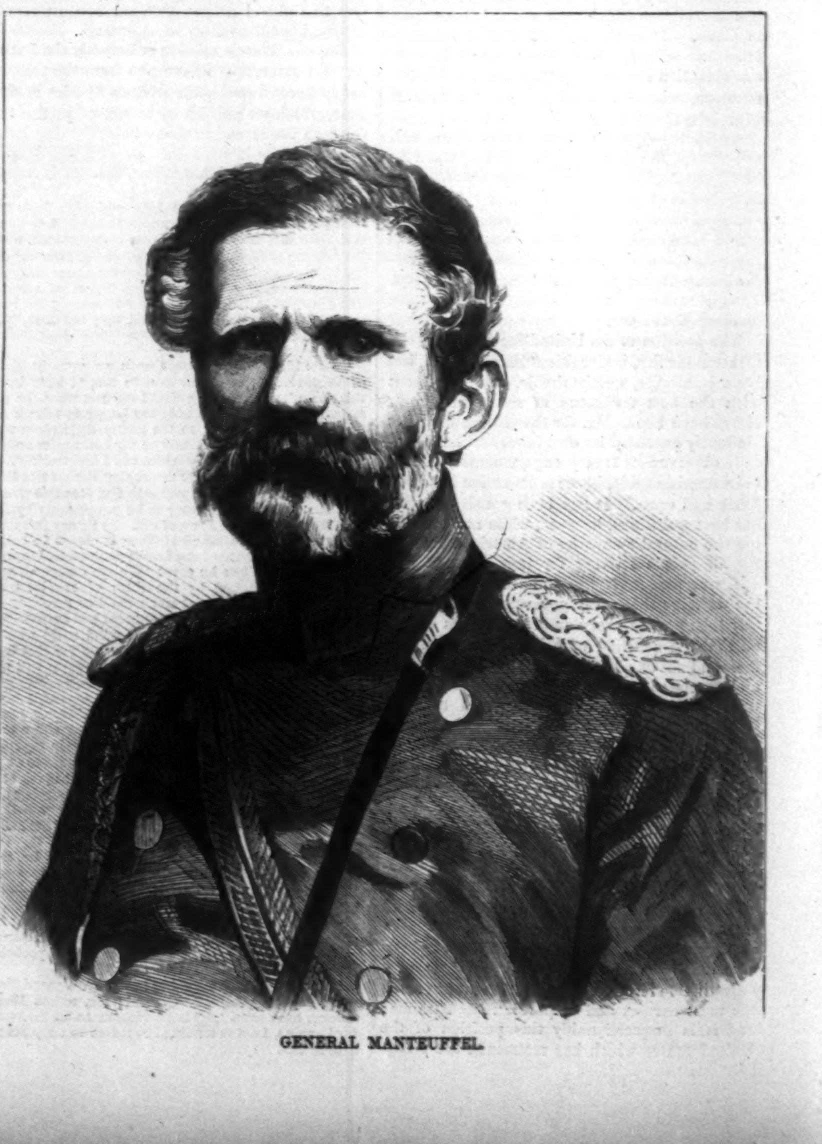
GENERAL MANTEUFFEL.

General Manteuffel, whose portrait is given on this page, has acted a prominent part in the military and diplomatic history of Prussia during the past fifty years. He was engaged in the Schleswig-Holstein war, and in the war with Austria had command of the Prussian troops in South Germany, and made short work with the armies of Bavaria and the other smaller German states. After levying a forced loan of thirty millions of florins upon the inhabitants of Frankfort-on-the-Main, he marched his corps, on the 23d of July, 1866, toward the Tauber. On the following day he engaged and defeated the Baden troops near Werbach, and the combined troops of Austria, Würtemberg, Nassau, and Hesse near Bischofsheim; and on the 25th the whole of the Eighth Corps of the Federal army at Gerchsheim, and the Bavarians at Helmstadt. On the 27th he was before Würzburg, and commenced the bombardment of the Marienberg. This was rapid work, and none the less effective and important because it was performed with a comparatively small force; for it prevented the South German states from sending active assistance to Austria, and prepared the way for the consolidation of several provinces with Prussia. As Governor of Frankfort he ruled the inhabitants of that city with a rod of iron, and earned their hearty ill-will by his harsh and arbitrary measures. On the close of the war he was intrusted with an important mission to the Russian court.

Thus far the name of General Manteuffel has not appeared prominently in accounts of the advance into French territory. It appears from recent dispatches that he was in command of the Prussian reserves in the battles before Metz. He now commands the First Corps.



BARON VON MOLTKE.



GENERAL MANTEUFFEL.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER XII.

Preparations for the Voyage.—Getting in Ballast.—The Departure.—Losing their Provisions.—Sea-sickness.—In a Heavy Sea.—Land in Sight at Last.—Taken from the Boat.

The boat, being entirely empty, floated very lightly upon the water. The first thing to be done, therefore, to prepare her for sea was to ballast her. The men were all ready for this operation, for they had previously brought from the wreck a number of the "pigs" of iron which had formed the ballast of the *Grafton*, and had arranged them on the shore ready to be put on board. So Mr. Raynal clambered up the side of the boat and descended through one of the scuttles into the hold, and there received the blocks of iron as the other men passed them up to him and placed them in a row in the bottom of the boat over the keel. This brought the boat down properly into the water and gave her the requisite steadiness. They afterward covered the ballast with a platform of boards, and secured the boards in place by transverse pieces nailed firmly to the ribs on each side.

When this operation was completed they found that the boat was immersed to the depth of about two feet in the water, so that all the old portion was submerged, leaving no part of the hull to be seen above water except the new portion which they had added. They moved her out to where the wreck was lying and fastened her safely there on the side of the wreck toward the shore, where she would be sheltered from winds or seas driving in from the bay, in case of bad weather intervening during the time that they were making their preparations for departure.

On the nineteenth of July every thing was ready. Their little tank was filled with water, and they had put on board a supply of seal for food. It was midwinter with them by the calendar, but the sun had passed the solstice, so that the days were growing longer; and, as their preparations were made, they concluded to take the risk of commencing their voyage. It had been agreed by common consent that George and Harry, who were the two youngest and most vigorous of the party, should remain behind under a solemn covenant on the part of those who were to go that, if they succeeded in reaching any port, they would immediately do their utmost to send them succor.

Before the embarkation they all assembled in the cabin for religious service. They there joined in prayer to God that he would take them under his protecting care, both those who were to embark on a voyage in which they must necessarily be exposed to great hardship and suffering, and which was so uncertain as to its termination, and also those who were to be left behind alone and unprovided for on that desolate island. Then after a fraternal embrace they repaired to the boat, which had been drawn up at a convenient place on the shore. There Mr. Raynal and Captain Musgrave took farewell of the two who were to be left, and then went on board. They immediately hoisted sail and began to move rapidly down the bay, leaving their companions on the rocks watching them despondingly as they glided away.

The morning was cold, but the sky was clear, and the wind was fair. At eleven o'clock they passed out between the two capes which formed the entrance of the great bay. There was still, however, a line of reefs through which some opening was to be found. They went on to the northward, keeping near the shore till they came, at about three o'clock, to such a passage, and then passed out into the open sea. The *Rescue* sailed, as they judged, at the rate of about six miles an hour. She rode the seas very well, but the joints admitted some water. They could, however, easily keep her clear by means of the pump, but not until their stock of seal meat was soaked with the salt-water and spoiled.

They went on very prosperously for a time, with the exception of the misfortune of losing their provisions, until at length the peaks of the Auckland Islands sank below the horizon. They continued their course to the northward, cheered somewhat by the thought that every mile of their progress brought them not only nearer to their hoped-for haven, but nearer also to the returning sun. Gradually the wind and sea began to rise. The motion at length became so violent that they were all attacked with sea-sickness, notwithstanding all their past experience of the sea. Their situation now became extremely distressing. Night came on. The billows increased in magnitude and violence until at length the boat was repeatedly overwhelmed by them, and was enveloped now and then also by driving gusts of snow and hail. At length, about three o'clock in the morning, a sea struck them so violently as to throw the boat entirely over upon her beam ends. Indeed, so tremendous and so bewildering was the concussion that it seemed to them as if she was rolled over and about in the water like a cork floating at the mercy of the waves.

As soon, however, as the surge had passed, the ballast, which fortunately had been very firmly secured in its place, brought the boat again into her proper position; but the same accident happened to them two or three times during the night.

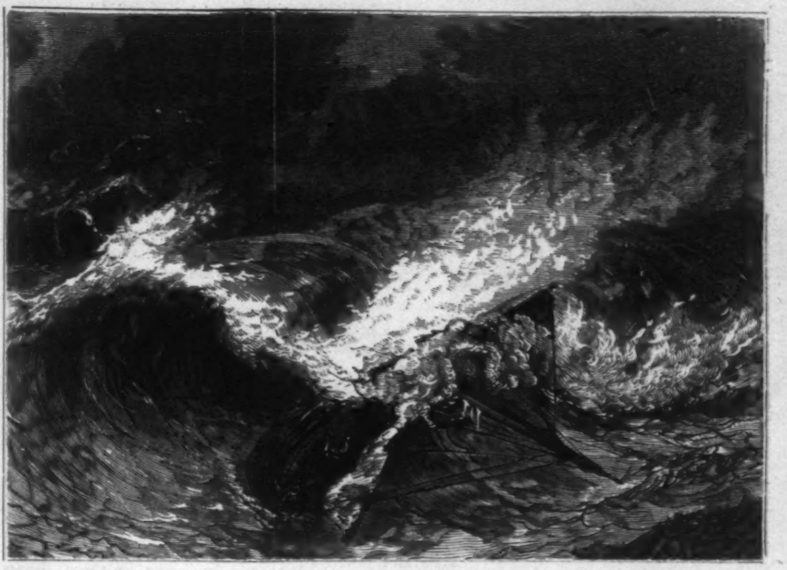
They passed three days and three nights in this way without any material change. It would be impossible to describe the sufferings that they endured. At length, on the fourth day, the storm died away, and the sea became calm again.

While the storm continued the wind had driven them forward rapidly on their way; and on the fourth day, to their great joy, so far as they had strength left for any emotion whatever, they came in sight of land. The land was Stewart Island, the southernmost portion of the New Zealand group. But the wind had now so entirely gone down that their sail was useless. They had their oars, but they were so completely exhausted that they could not use them. Besides the exhaustion consequent upon having been buffeted so mercilessly by the wind and sea, they had had no food for three days.

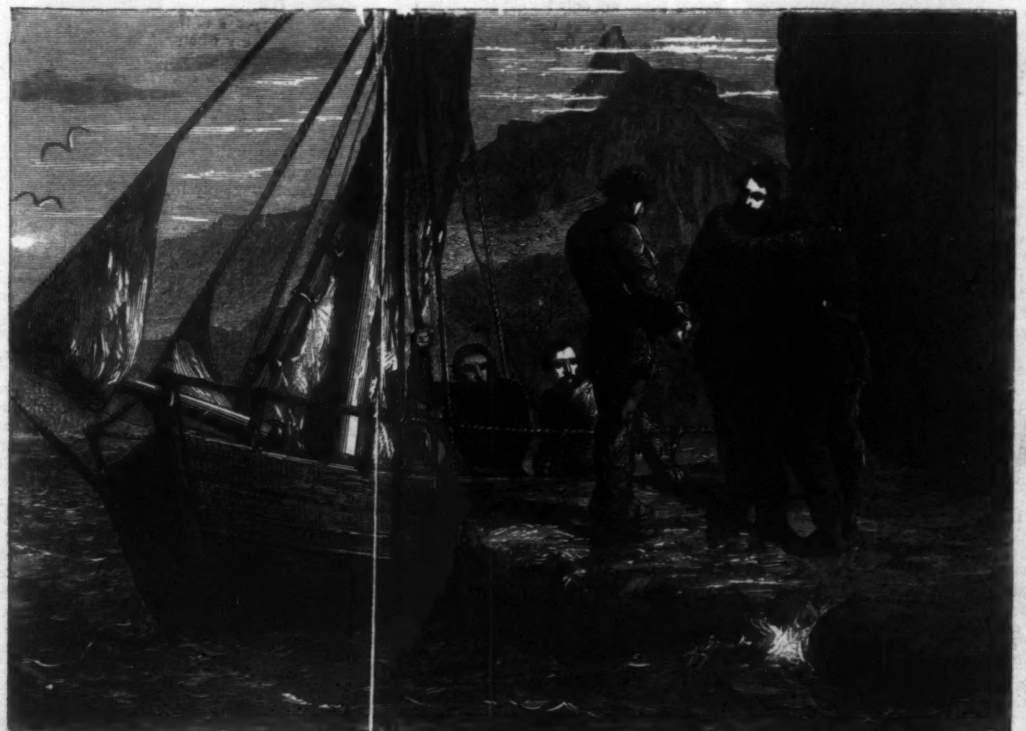
They remained thus all day, in sight of land, but unable to advance toward it. In the evening a breeze sprang up, but they did not dare to attempt to go in among the rocks and shoals that bordered the shore while it was dark. So they lay to outside till morning. In the morning they went in and found their way to the entrance of a small harbor. In turning round a point of land they saw a creek bordered by huts, with gardens adjoining them.

They uttered a feeble exclamation of joy at this sight. As they went nearer they saw a white man on the beach attended by a large Newfoundland dog. He stopped now and then, as he walked along, to play with the dog. At the door of one of the huts a number of native women were sitting, talking together with much gesticulation. At another place some women, with children around them, were spreading clothes upon a fence to dry. Mr. Raynal says it was impossible to conceive the effect which this spectacle of a community of human beings, living in peace and plenty in their homes, produced upon them.

The dog seemed to be the first to observe them, and, by barking, called general attention to the sight of a sail-boat coming into the harbor. The whole village was immediately thrown into a state of the wildest excitement. They flocked to the shore at the place where the boat grounded, as she touched the sand of the beach. The little strength that remained to the men on board, and which had sustained them thus far, instead of being revived and increased by the assurance that they were saved, seemed now to fail them entirely. It was impossible for them to speak in reply to the questions that were asked, and they were taken out of the boat by the white man and the natives, and carried up to a house, utterly helpless, like men actually dying.



IN A HEAVY SEA.



SETTING SAIL.

The house to which they were taken was that of the white man whom they had seen walking on the beach. His name was Cross. He and his wife were indefatigable in their kind attentions to the sufferers. After warming them and refreshing them with a partial bath of tepid water, they caused food to be prepared for them, the sight of which, spread before them on the table, made them think that their appetites would never be satisfied with it. They found, however, that a very small quantity was all that they could eat, and after taking this they felt an irresistible disposition to sleep. So they all went to bed and slept profoundly until the following morning.

On awaking they found their strength much revived; and, true to their promise, the first thing which occupied their thoughts was the question of finding means to rescue George and Harry, who had been left behind. They conferred with Mr. Cross. He said that the largest vessel there was in that region was a yacht belonging to him, named the *Flying Scud*; but recommended that they should proceed at once to a port and town called Invercargill, which was situated at some distance to the northward, on the southern part of the central island of the group, and separated from Stewart Island, where they then were, by a narrow strait. There, he said, they would find a government office where they could formally report the loss of their vessel, as required by maritime law in such cases, and make arrangements for sending a vessel to rescue the two men.

So they all embarked at once on board the *Flying Scud* and proceeded to Invercargill. Their arrival produced a great sensation among the inhabitants of the little town; and as soon as their story was known the people vied with each other in efforts to do them service. They found a home in the house of Mr. Collyer, one of the principal inhabitants of the place. Captain Musgrave made his report at the proper office of the wreck of his vessel. At the same time he informed the officers of the condition of the two men that had been left at the Auckland Islands, and asked that a vessel might be sent out by the government to rescue them.

The officers replied that they had no vessel at their disposal which could be sent, but that they would see by-and-by what could be done. But Captain Musgrave thought that "by-and-by" would be too late.

As soon as these facts became known about the town a great degree of sympathy began to be felt for the two men, and the people determined that, since the government could not do any thing, they would make an attempt themselves. A meeting was called and a subscription was opened for raising the necessary sum to defray the expenses. There was, however, no suitable vessel to be obtained. The only one at command was the yacht *Flying Scud*, which was a sail-boat of only fifteen or sixteen tons burden, built to cruise in the inland waters of the New Zealand group, and to make short voyages, in good weather, along the shore. Mr. Cross, though accustomed to navigate his little vessel within these bounds, was not willing to take the responsibility of finding his way in her across six hundred miles of stormy seas to a group of rocky islets, the approach to which must always be attended with great danger.

Captain Musgrave then, notwithstanding his feeble and exhausted condition, and his intense desire to return to his wife and family by the first vessel going from New Zealand to Sydney, offered to go himself and serve as pilot for the yacht. The preparations for the voyage were immediately made, and in a week from that time she set sail amidst the acclamations of a great crowd of people who assembled on the beach to witness her departure, and who expressed their good wishes for her by long and loud cheering. Mr. Raynal remained behind, for he was in too exhausted and debilitated a condition—owing to his constitution having been enfeebled by his previous sickness, and to his having been thus less able to endure the hardships and exposures of their life when on the island—to have accompanied them, even if his going would have been of any essential service. He shook hands with Captain Musgrave before he went on board, with mingled emotions which it is much more easy to imagine than to describe.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GOING TO THE FRONT.

The enthusiasm of the Germans is well illustrated by the following account of the muster and departure of troops from a little town in Brunswick, narrated by an eye-witness: "At two o'clock this morning (July 22) we were awakened by drums at the gates. It was the 'appell' for the men to march. We got up and dressed, and went down to the market-place. Day was just beginning to dawn; a wild, stormy morning, with black clouds hanging all over the sky. The whole place was in uproar, and women and children all streaming toward the market-place, where a band of music was playing national airs. P—— went down with us in a perfect glow of enthusiasm, and burning to be off; but with the other poor fellows there were more tears and sobs than there was enthusiasm, for a great many of them leave wife and children behind. It was a scene I never shall forget. The men, between fifty and sixty, were assembled in the market-place; the gentlemen hastily made a subscription, so that each poor man might at least have a few shillings in his pocket; and then they were told that we promised to care for their families in their absence, or in the case of their not returning. The clergyman of the place mounted on a cart and made a short farewell address, and ended by reading the 46th Psalm: 'God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in time of trouble.' Then the Lord's Prayer was offered up, and amidst tears and sobs the poor fellows went off. They were to have marched to Braunschweig, but the neighboring farmers had all turned out with their carts to drive them there. Now our chief thought is to care for those that are left behind, and to prepare for the wounded. We have promised to subscribe so much a week, and we have been telling the servants that we must agree to certain household retrenchments, so that each one may feel he is doing something. Last week all the horses from all the neighboring farms and villages were assembled in the market-place, and the best picked out for the use of the army. Our friend and neighbor C—— lost his best carriage horses."

Similar scenes to this were witnessed throughout the length and breadth of the country. With an alacrity and enthusiasm paralleled only by the great uprising in this country after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, the whole population capable of bearing arms offered themselves for the defense of their beloved father-land; and before the French Emperor was ready to move the Germans were not only prepared for defensive operations, but for that wonderful "promenade" upon French soil which took the world by surprise, and so completely turned the tables upon Napoleon.

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GUIDE TO GETHIN.

IT is the spring-time, that time of all the year when those "in city pent" desire most to leave it, if only for a day or two, and breathe the air of the mountain or the sea; the time when the freshest incense arises from the great altar of Nature, and all men would come to worship at it if they could. Even the old, who so far from the East have traveled that they have well-nigh forgotten their priesthood, feel the sacred longing; in their sluggish blood there still beats a pulse in spring-time, as the sap stirs in the ancient tree; but the young turn to the open fields with rapture, and drink the returning sunbeams in like wine. To draw breath beneath the broad sky is to them an intoxication, and the very air kisses their cheek like the red lips of love.

With his face set ever southward or westward, Richard Yorke has traveled afoot for days, nor yet has tired; neither coach nor train has carried him, and all the luggage that he possesses is in the knapsack on his back, to which is strapped his sketch-book, like a shield. He is striding across a heath-clad moor, with stony ridges, and here and there a distant mine-chimney—a desolate barren scene enough, but with sunshine, and a breeze from the unseen sea. It is classic ground, for here, or hereabouts, twelve centuries ago, was fought "that last weird battle in the west," wherein King Arthur perished, and many a gallant knight, Lancelot, or Galahad, may have pricked across that Cornish moor before him on a less promising quest than even his. How silent and how solitary it was; for even what men were near were underground, and not a roof to be seen any where, nor track of man nor beast, nor even a tree. There had been men enough, and beasts and trees too, in old times—heathen and ravening creatures, and huge forests; but it seemed, as the wayfarer looked around him, as though all things had been as he now beheld them from the beginning of creation. Richard, artist though he was by calling, had not the soul to take pleasure in a picture for the filling in of which so much imagination was required; and he turned aside to one of the stony hills, and climbed it, in hopes to see some dwelling-place of man. He was gregarious by nature, and, besides, he was in want of his mid-day meal.

There was feast enough before him for his eyes.

In front lay a great table-land, indented here and there with three chasm-like bays, which showed how high the cliffs were which they cut. In one, nestled a fishing-town, with its harbor; in another, a low white range of cottages hung on the green hill-side; and in the third, at sea, as it appeared, stood up an ancient castle, huge and rugged. This last object was of such enormous size that Richard rubbed his eyes like one in a dream. He had heard of Cornish giants, and certainly here was a habitation fit for the king of them. A lonely church upon the cliff-top beyond it, by affording him some measure of the probable size of this edifice, increased his incredulity. He looked again, and saw that it was not a castle, though the sun yet seemed to light up tower and battlement quite vividly, but only one isolated rock of vast size and picturesque proportions; upon the crown of which, however, there were certainly walls, and what looked to be broken towers. "That must be Gethin," said the young man, cheerily. "I must be at the end of my journey." Unless, indeed, he should take ship, there was not much more opportunity for travel. Before him stretched in all directions the limitless sea.

So magnificent had been the prospect that, when Richard descended and pursued his trackless way again along the moor, he half doubted whether that fair vision had not been a mere figment of his brain; the more so, since what view there was about him seemed now to contract rather than to expand; the horizon grew more limited; and presently nor sea, nor land, nor even sky was to be seen. There was no rain, but his hair and mustache were wet with a fog that was as thick as wool. By touch rather than by sight he presently became aware that he had left the heath, and was walking on down-land. Suppose he were nearing the verge of that line of cliffs which he had just seen, and should come to it before he was aware! As he paused, in some apprehension of this, all of a sudden a song broke upon his ear, like a solemn chant:

"Keep us, O keep us, King of Kings,
Under thine own almighty wings."

He did not recognize the words, but the tone in which they were sung, though muffled by the dense atmosphere, struck him as especially sweet and earnest. The next instant, walking rapidly, with a light and graceful motion, the dim figure of a young girl passed in front of him, and the mist closed behind her, though he still heard her pious psalm. Richard stood like one enchanted. Was she an angel sent to warn him of his peril, or an evil spirit clothed in beauty and holiness to lure him on to it? He gave a great shout, and the harmonious voice, already faint, grew still at once. He cried out again: "I am a stranger here, and have lost my way; pray, help me."

Then once more through the mist came the young girl, this time without her song, and stood before him; she was very beautiful, but with a pale face and frightened eyes. "She is crazed, poor soul," thought Richard; and he smiled upon her with genuine pity. She put her hand to her side, as though in pain, or to repress some tumult of her heart.

"Where is it you wish to go, Sir?"

"To Gethin; where there is an inn, I believe. Is it not so?"

"Yes, Sir." Her words were sane and concise enough, but the tone in which they were spoken was tremulous and alarmed.

"You are not afraid of me, are you?" said Richard, in the voice that he had inherited from his mother.

"No, Sir, no," answered she, hurriedly; "only the fog was so thick, and I was startled. I did not expect to find any body here. It is very lonely about Gethin, and we do not in general see any of the quality who come to sketch and such like"—and she pointed to his port-folio—"until much later in the year."

"I am not the quality," rejoined Richard, smiling, "but only a wandering artist, who has heard of the beauties of Gethin. What has been told me, however, comes far short of the reality, believe me;" and he cast a glance of genuine admiration upon the blushing girl.

A slender fair-haired maiden she was, with soft blue eyes, over which the lids were modestly but attractively drooped. One who had a great experience of the sex—if not a very respectable one—has left on record a warning against eyelids. "A wicked woman," says he, "will take you with her eyelids."

It does not, however, require wickedness to ensnare a young gentleman by these simple means.

"I wish, my pretty damsel," said Richard, softly, "that I painted figures instead of landscapes, for then I should ask you to be my model."

It was not modesty so much as sheer ignorance which kept the young girl silent; she had never heard of a painter's model; but the tone in which her new acquaintance spoke implied a compliment, and she looked more confused than ever.

"Have you often so thick a fog as this at Gethin?"

"Not often, Sir; this is a very bad one, and you might have come to harm in it. Some folks believe that in such weather the Pixies come abroad, as they do at night, to mislead travelers who have lost their way; and, indeed, the cliff-top lies not a hundred yards in front of you."

"Oh, you think I was misled by a bad fairy, do you?" returned Richard, in an amused and bantering tone. "Well, at all events, I have now met with a good one; and may I ask what name she goes by?"

"My name is Trevethick, Sir," said the damsel, simply. "I am no angel, but I am going to the place you seek; it is this way, Sir."

It was evident that his banter had not pleased her. The same tone that is found agreeable in the town does not always prove welcome in the country. She motioned with her hand to the southward, and began to walk so fast that Richard could not easily keep pace with her.

"But are there really fairies about here?" inquired he, seriously. "I am quite a stranger to these parts, and should be glad to learn all I can."

"Nay, Sir, I can not say; I have myself never seen one, though I know some who have, or say they have. There are tales of worse than Pixies told about that moor you have come across. You might have met the Demon Horse that tempts the tired traveler to mount him, and then carries him nobody knows whither; but, for certain, he is never seen again."

"Then the spirits about here are all bad, are they? I suppose to make up for the goodness and the beauty of the mortals, eh?"

"Nay, they are not all bad, Sir," continued the young girl, gravely; "the Spriggans, who guard the buried treasures of the giants, have often helped a poor man out of their store; or, at least, 'tis said so."

"And the giants—are they all dead?"

"Yes, indeed, Sir, long ago," answered the damsel; "though that they lived here once is true enough. There's Bonza's Chair, you must have passed before the fog came on, and could not but have noticed; and the hurling-stones he used to throw for pastime with his brother, they are to be seen still; but all that about his having such long arms that he could snatch the sailors from the decks of ships as they went by, is, in my judgment, but an old wife's tale, and I don't credit it. There, see, Sir; the fog is thinning; that is the castle yonder. When you see it thus in air it is a sign of storm."

The mist, instead of lifting, was growing less dense above, as it melted before the rays of the sun, and the ruin which Richard had seen from the hill-range was now once more visible, without the pedestal of rock on which it was placed. It was a glorious sight, though weird and spectral, and the young painter halted in mute admiration. The scene seemed scarcely of the earth at all.

"Most folks are pleased with that when they first see it," remarked his companion, with the flattered air of one who exhibits some wonder of his own to a well-pleased stranger. "You are very lucky, Sir; it is not often one gets so good a view."

"I am lucky, too, in having so fair a guide to show it me," said Richard, gallantly. "There is a church in air too: what is that?"

"That is Gethin church, Sir. It stands all by itself, a mile from the village; but folks say that the tower was first built for a landmark for the ships, and that the church and church-yard were added afterward."

"Then people die here, do they, even in this land of dreams?" said Richard, half to himself.

"Die, Sir? Oh yes," answered the young girl, sadly; "my own mother died two years ago, and lies buried there in yonder lonesome place. But it is not usual for Gethin folks to die so young, except by shipwreck."

"Are there many wrecks here, then?"

"Yes, Sir, and will be to all time; our church-yard is half full of drowned men. On the nights before storm, up yonder, you may hear them calling out each other's names."

"Have *you* ever heard them?"

"Not I, Sir, thanks be to Heaven. I would not venture there at night for the best cargo that ever came to Turlock."

"Where is Turlock?"

"The port there behind us, Sir; you can see the houses now, but not the harbor. It winds beneath the cliff, so that a ship can scarcely make it, save in smooth weather, though, when it once does so, it is safe enough. To see the great green waves rush in and turn, and turn, and waste themselves in their wild fury, as though they searched for it in anger—ah! it's an awful sight."

"That is in winter-time only, I suppose?"

"Nay, Sir; we have storms in other seasons. Whenever I see such a sign as the castle without the crag—it's all clear now, you see, because the wind is rising—then am I thankful that my father is no sailor. Most folk are such at Gethin that are not miners."

"Then your father is a miner, is he?"

"No, Sir, not now, though he once was. Every body knows John Trevethick about here, and why he don't work underground."

"How was that, then?" inquired Richard, with interest. "You must remember I am a stranger, and know nothing."

"Well, Sir, it was years ago, and before I was born. Father was just married, though he was not a young man for a bridegroom, and was down Turlock pit-hole with Harry Coe (Solomon's father), putting in shot for blasting. They had worked underground together for five-and-twenty years, and were fast friends, though Coe was an older man, and a widower, with Solomon almost of age. They were deep down in the shaft, and one at a time was all that the man at the windlass above could haul up; and they had put in their shot, and given them the signal. One was to go up first, of course, and then the second to light the match, and follow him with all speed. Now, while they were still both at the bottom, it struck Coe that the match was too long, and he took a couple of stones, a flat and a sharp one, to cut it shorter. He did cut it shorter, but at the same time kindled the match. Both shouted their loudest, and sprang at the basket, but the man at the windlass could not lift the double weight. You see, Sir, it was certain death to both of them, unless one should give way. Then Coe jumped out, crying to father: 'Go aloft, John. In one minute I shall be in heaven.' It was he who had caused the disaster, and therefore, as he doubtless thought, should be the one to suffer for it; besides, he reflected, perhaps, that he was an old man, and had no bride at home to mourn for him; still, it was a noble deed, and I never denied it."

"Denied it!" exclaimed Richard; "I should think not. Why should you?" and he looked up with wonder into his companion's face. It was one blush from brow to chin.

"Well, Sir," continued she, disregarding his interruption, "my father was hurried up; and as he looked over the basket the charge exploded, and the great stones flew up and blackened his face. In a minute more he was safe above-ground."

"But the poor man below?"

"He was dead, Sir. It could not have been otherwise. Father took it so to heart that he never did a day's work underground again. And when I was born, a few months afterward, I was christened Harry—though that's a lad's name—in memory of the friend that saved his life by the sacrifice of his own."

"He might well have done that, and even more," said Richard, "if more could have been done."

"That's just what father says, Sir," answered the young girl, quietly. "But when things have happened so long ago—before one was born—they don't come home to one quite so strong, you see. Father keeps not only his old gratitude, but his old tastes. He cares more for mines and machinery and such like than for any thing else; he is a better mechanic than any in Turlock, where I have just been to the watch-maker's to get him some steel springs. You should see the locks he makes, and the rings he turns. He will be so pleased if you ask him to show them to you."

"I shall certainly ask him to do so, if I get the chance," said Richard, eagerly. "Is that your house with the pretty garden?"

"No, Sir; that's the parson's. Nobody can get flowers to grow as he does. The next house at the top of the hill is ours."

"Why, I thought that would be the inn!" exclaimed Richard, looking at the little white-washed house, with its sign-board, or what seemed to be such, swinging in the rising breeze.

"It *is* the inn," said his companion, quietly, but not without a roguish smile. "Father keeps the *Gethin Castle*, although he has many other trades."

"And is that he, at the door yonder?" inquired Richard, pointing to a tall, thick-set man of middle age, who was standing beneath the little portico, with a pipe in his mouth.

"No, Sir, that is not father," replied the girl, with sudden gravity; "that is Solomon Coe."

CHAPTER XII.

A PERILOUS CLIMB.

"Is father in?" inquired the young girl of Solomon, as he stood in the doorway, without moving aside to let Richard pass into the house.

"No, he is not," returned the person addressed, his keen blue eye fixed suspiciously on the stranger. "As you were so long on your errand, he gave up his lock-work, and has gone off to the pit. He said he had never known you loiter so."

"I did not loiter at all," returned the maiden, indignantly; "if it had not been for the fog, I should have been home an hour ago; but one can't walk through wool as if it were air. You had the fog here yourselves, hadn't ye?"

It was strange to note the change in the girl's speech; not only were her air and tone quite different from what they had been—her modesty or shyness exchanged for a confidence and even a touch of defiance—but her phraseology had become blunt and provincial.

"Well, any way he was angered, Harry," returned Solomon, "until I told him of the new copper lode, as I whispered to you of this morning (you were the first to learn it, Harry), when off he set, in good-humor enough with all the world.—You'll come across John Trevethick, if you want him, young man, over at Dunloppel, though I doubt whether you will find him much of a customer—unless you are in the iron and steel line."

"I am in the knife-and-fork line just at present," answered Richard, good-humoredly; "and, if you will be good enough to move aside, I should like to order my dinner."

"I ax pardon," said Solomon, sulkily, withdrawing himself from the doorway. "I did not know I was hindering custom.—Who is this young spark, Harry?" added he, in a low tone, as the other entered the house.

"Well, he's a young gentleman, Solomon, as you could see very well if you chose," answered the girl, angrily. "He don't look much like a bagman, I think, any ways. I am sure father would not like you to treat his customers in that fashion."

"I am sure he wouldn't like your escorting such customers over Turlock Down alone."

"That's father's business, and not yours, at present, Solomon," retorted the girl, tartly; "and perhaps it never may be yours. You take as much upon yourself because of your new copper vein as if it was gold."

"Nay, don't say that, Harry," replied the other, with an admiring look, from which every trace of ill feeling seemed to have departed. "If it *were* gold, I should be more pleased upon your account than my own, you may depend upon it. You think I am jealous, now, of yonder bit of a lad, but—"

"I think nothing of the kind," answered Harry, impetuously.

"Well, well," returned Solomon, soothingly; "then we'll say no more about it. Trevethick wanted me to be away with him to pit, but I said: 'No; I'll wait for Harry, and bring her with me to Dunloppel.' It's a great find, my girl, and may be the making of us all."

"Nay, a walk to Turlock and back is enough for one day's work, Solomon; and, besides, I'm wet through with the fog, and must change my things.—Hannah! Hannah!" and, raising her voice to landlady pitch, she addressed some one within doors, "didn't you hear the parlor bell ringing?—So never mind me, Solomon; I dare say I shall hear enough about the lode when you and father come back;" and with that, and a careless nod of her shapely head, the young girl pushed past her disappointed swain, and ran up stairs.

The *Gethin Castle Inn* was a much better house of entertainment than might have been looked for in a spot so secluded from the world, and far from the great arteries of travel. A coast-road passed through the little village leading from Turlock to the now almost disused harbor at Polwheel, and that was the sole means of getting to Gethin save on foot or horseback. There was no traffic—to be called such—in the district. Dunloppel, always a productive mine, was, like its more famous brother, Botallack, situated on the sea-coast, so that neither road nor tramway had been created for its needs; the land about was barren, except in minerals; and not a tree was to be seen for miles. Indeed, with the exception of the parson's garden, there was scarcely a cultivated spot in the whole parish. The graceful sprays of the sea-tamarisk, however, flourished every where, in lieu of foliage, and in places where certainly foliage is seldom seen. Not only did it grow luxuriantly on banks and similar exposed positions, as though the roaring sea-winds, which cut off all other vegetation, favored and nourished it, but waved its triumphant pennant upon walls and house-tops. Stony places have a special attraction for this weed; and it takes root so readily that the story of its importation into Gethin might have had more foundation in fact than some other local legends equally credited. Only a few years back the plant had been unknown there, but a wagoner of the place, on his return journey, had plucked a sprig of it in some locality where it grew, to serve the purpose of a whip; and, when he reached home, had thrown it carelessly on the top of an earthen wall, where it had struck root, and multiplied.

The cliffs, and the sea, and, above all, the ruined castle upon the rock, were the sole attractions then which Gethin possessed—and that they *did* attract was an unceasing subject of wonder to its inhabitants. Whatever could the fine folk see in a heap of stones or a waste of water, to bring them there for hundreds of miles, was a mystery unexplained; but the villagers were no more unwilling than professional spiritualists to take a practical advantage of the Inexplicable. In the winter they reaped the harvest of the sea, or explored the bowels of the earth; in the summer they transformed themselves into "guides," and set up curiosity-shops of shells and minerals; while, to supply accommodation to the increasing throng of visitors, John Trevethick, who had always a keen eye for profit, had leased the village beer-house, and enlarged it to the dimensions of a respectable inn. Even now, however, the house exhibited a curious ignorance or disregard of the tastes of those for whose use it was built—the windows of all its sitting-rooms opened upon the straggling street, while the glorious prospect of cliff and ocean which it commanded behind was totally ignored. Thus Richard Yorke found himself located in an apartment which, though otherwise tolerably comfortable, might as well have been in Bloomsbury for the view which it afforded. The walls were ornamented by colored pictures of the Royal Exchange and of the Thames Tunnel, London; and upon the mantel-piece was an equestrian figure (in china) of Field-marshal the Duke of Wellington as he appears upon the arch of Constitution Hill. The only attempt at "local coloring" was found in the book-case—composed of two boards and a cat's cradle—in which three odd volumes of the "Tales of the Castle" had been placed, no doubt with reference to the grand old ruin whose tottering walls beckoned "the quality" to Gethin.

His simple meal of bacon and eggs having been dispatched, and gratitude failing to invest with interest the lean pigs that searched in vain for cabbage-stalks, or the dyspeptic fowls that were moulting digestive pebbles in the street without, Richard lit a cigar, and prepared to saunter forth. The fog had vanished; all the sky was blue and bright. The keen and gusty air increased in him that elasticity of spirit with which luncheon at all stages of their life-journey inspires mankind.

"I suppose," said he, looking in at the window of the room he had just left, and where Hannah, who was waiting-maid as well as cook, except "in the season," was clearing away the remnants of the repast, "one can get to the castle without a guide?"

"Nay, Sir; you must get the key first, for the man don't bide at the cottage, except in summer-time, and the gate has got spikes at the top. Miss Harry has got it somewheres, if you'll wait a minute."

Miss Harry herself brought it out to him. She had changed her attire for what was an even more becoming one than that she had worn before, and her bright brown hair was arranged with greater care, and perhaps with more view to effect.

"The guide has not begun his duties yet, Sir," she explained, with a smile; "and so we keep the key here. You can't fail to find the road; but the precipice-path is a bit awkward in a wind like this, and you must be careful to take the right one; the old ledge was broken in by the storm last month, and has an ugly gap."

"But why not show me the way yourself, Miss Harry?" pleaded the young fellow. "You know how easily I lose myself; and if I should come to harm, by taking the wrong turning, you would be sorry, I'm sure."

"Indeed I should, Sir," returned the young girl, simply; "and I doubt whether you will find any body else in the village. This news from the mine has taken them all off, it seems; and you wouldn't know rock from castle, unless you had one to tell you, they are so alike."

The fact was that Harry's conscience smote her for her wish to be of service to this handsome young fellow, since she had just refused to accompany Solomon to Dunloppel, on the score of fatigue. It was level walking, or nearly so, to the pit-mouth, and it was a climb of many hundreds of feet to the ruin. Still, she felt no longer tired, if she had done so a while ago, and the stranger *might* come to harm without a guide.

"But you're not coming without a bonnet?" exclaimed Richard.

"Nay, Sir; I should come home without one if I went up yonder in such a wind as this," answered she, laughing; "and I recommend you to fasten on *your* hat, if you wish to see it again."

"But you'll catch cold," urged Richard.

"We don't mind air at Gethin, Sir; and this shawl will cover my head, if that's all."

It really was Harry Trevethick's custom to go bareheaded in fine weather about her own home, though, perhaps, the consciousness that she never looked so well in even her Sunday head-gear, as with her own ample tresses for a covering, may have influenced her resolve. Chignons were unknown at that time, and never had the young man beheld such wealth of gold-tinged locks as that which blew about his fair companion's brow, and presently streamed out behind her, as they neared the cliffs, and met the full force of that Atlantic breeze. It blew freshly and shrilly enough up the winding gorge through which they had to descend to the foot of the castled rock; but by the time they reached the beach the wind had risen to a gale. They stopped a minute within shelter of a hollowed cliff to view the place. It was a noble spectacle. The great waves came roaring in, and dashed themselves against the walls of slate in sheets of foam, to fall back baffled and groaning. They had eaten the cliff away in two dark frowning spots, which his guide said were caverns, approachable at low-water; but the rock itself on which the castle stood defied them; they had only succeeded in insulating it, except for a narrow tongue of land, which now formed the sole access to it from the shore. Even without any historical or poetic association, the object before them—rising bare and sheer into the air to such a height—on which a swarm of gulls, shrunk to the size of bees, were clanging faintly, was grand and striking; but the place had been the hold of knights and kings a thousand years ago and more. The young girl pointed out to Richard where the main-land cliff had once projected so as to meet the rock, and showed him on the former's brow some fragments of rude masonry. "That was the ancient barbacan," she said, "once joined to the castle by a draw-bridge, as was supposed, which, when drawn up, left Gethin so that neither man nor beast could approach it without permission of its defenders. Even now, with none to hinder one, it is a steep and perilous way, especially in a wind like this. Perhaps it would be better not to venture."

"But you shall take my arm, Harry," said Richard; "only let me pin your shawl about your head first, lest those long locks of yours blind us both."

"I can do that myself, Sir, thank you," said Harry, austerely; then added, with a smile, to reassure him—for why should she be angry?—"you would only have pricked your fingers, as Solomon does. No man is clever with his hands, excepting father."

"And you say that to a painter, do you, Miss Harry—a man who lives by his handiwork?"

"I forgot that," said Harry, penitently; "besides, I was only saying what Solomon says."

"That was the gentleman who took me for a peddler, eh?" said Richard. "He is not quite so wise as his namesake—is he?"

"Oh yes, Sir; Solomon Coe has a long head: the longest, father says, of any in these parts. He has made his own way famously in the world—or, rather, under it, for he is a miner. He used to work in the coal-pits up Durham way, but—"

"Is that why he looks so black?" interposed Richard, laughing.

"Nay, Sir, I didn't notice *that*," said Harry, simply. "Very likely he was down Dunloppel this morning. It half belongs to him, father says; and if this lode turns out well, he will be very rich."

"And your father would be glad of that, would he not?"

"Yes, indeed, Sir; for Solomon is the son of his old friend and preserver, as I told you."

"But it would not please *you* quite so much—eh, Miss Harry?"

"Not so much as father—certainly not," answered the girl, gravely. "It seems to me folks are rich enough when they don't spend half they get; just as other folk—like Mr. Carew, who owns all about here—are poor enough, with all their wealth, who pay out of their purse twice what comes into it."

"Mr. Carew is known here for a spendthrift, is he, then?"

"Well, Sir, it's only gossip, for he has never set foot here in his life, I reckon; but, from what we hear, he must fling away his money finely. However, as father says, there's one excuse for him—he has neither chick nor child of his own. Eh, but you're looking white, Sir; Gethin air is apt to nip pretty sharp those who are not accustomed to it. You had best not try the castle to-day."

"Yes, yes; we will go at once," cried Richard, impatiently; and, drawing the girl's hesitating arm through his own, he moved rapidly along the wind-swept way. Under the circumstances, there really was some danger; but, had there been twice the peril, he would not have shrunk from it at that moment—the chance observation of the young girl about Carew's having no offspring had turned his blood to a white heat of wrath. Although his mother had studiously instilled in him how foolish it was to indulge in any expectations with respect to the Squire, he had always entertained some secret hopes in that quarter until he had proved their fallacy by experiment; and the failure of his expedition to Crompton rankled in his mind. He regarded his father with the bitterest resentment; he did not altogether forgive his mother for the share which she had had (through her misrepresentation of her own position in the register) in depriving him of his birth-right, and he felt himself at odds with all the world. He had come to Gethin partly on account of what Parson Whymper had told him of its picturesqueness, but chiefly because it was an out-of-the-way spot, unfrequented by that society with whom he had such good grounds for quarrel, and where he was not likely to have his pride wounded afresh by any reference to his position; and yet he had not been two hours in the place before the only person in it in whom he was likely to be interested had galled him keenly. He could not long be angry with her, however, for her involuntary offense, nor angry at all in such fair company. She clung to him, perforce, upon the narrow causeway, and shrank with him into whatever shelter was afforded, here and there, upon their toilsome path, when they took breath, and gathered strength together for once again confronting that pitiless blast. If either of them had known how fierce a gale was imminent, they would not certainly have ventured upon such an expedition; but, having done so, they were resolved to go through with it. Harry had plenty of courage, and fought her way with practiced eye and hand along the winding ledge; and Richard was not one to own himself vanquished by difficulties before which a woman did not quail. Twice and thrice, however, they were both driven back again round some comparatively sheltered corner by the mere fury of the wind, which battled with them as stubbornly as though it were the disembodied spirits of the ancient defenders of the place; and when, mechanically, and almost of necessity, Richard's arm sought the young girl's waist, whose garments made it more difficult for her to advance than for him, she did not reject its welcome aid. Then, just as his disengaged hand was clinging to a pinnacle of rock, his hat blew off, exactly as she had predicted, and his dark curls mixed with hers in wild confusion. Thus, foot by foot, they won their way, and reached at last the iron-spiked door, the only work of modern hands on that gray rock. This screened them from the gale; and, as they stood a while to rest beneath its shelter, she showed him what a handsome key her father had made for it, with cunning wards, more suitable for a banker's safe than for such ancient relics as they guarded, and told him how the gate was put there to exclude the summer visitors, who would otherwise enter without fee.

"Nay, but I will pay my fee," said Richard, gallantly; and, since their cheeks were almost touching as it was, the debt was easily discharged on her ripe lips.

"For shame, Sir!" cried the girl, indignantly; and there was something in her face and voice which showed him that her anger was not feigned. "I am sorry I brought you here, mistaking you for a gentleman. Here is the key, Sir; but I go back alone." And she freed herself roughly from his arm, and turned to go.

"For Heaven's sake, don't!" cried Richard, earnestly. "You may call me any thing you please, but do not let my rudeness prove your peril. I *was* rude, but, on my honor, I did not intend to be so. I meant no harm, although I see I have vexed you. Forgive me, pray; I did not mean to be either ungenerous or ungrateful. Is it thought so very wrong at Gethin—even with such great temptation—"

"Yes, Sir, it is," she broke in, vehemently; "and I was wrong to come with you."

"Nay, don't say that," pleaded the young fellow. "How could you be wrong to do so great a kindness to a stranger as you have done to me? It was my sense of it—my heartfelt sense, believe me, of the trouble and toil you have undergone for my sake; and I don't deny, Harry, your beauty, too, of which I have never seen the like. But there, I am offending you again. Pray, come into the shelter; it makes me sick to see you in such danger;" and to make room for her, and at the same time to stand as much apart from her as possible, he stepped back, forgetting the scanty space on which he stood, and—fell!

A yard—a mile—he scarcely could say which, so overwhelming for the instant was his sense of peril! He only knew that he was flying through space. Then, suddenly, his feet found foothold, and his hands clung to the gray rock, and the driving wind beat on his body ceaselessly, and seemed to nail him where he clung.

Was it the scream of gull, or piercing cry of some spirit of the air, that rang through his brain? or was it, indeed, the agonizing shriek of a woman? He heard it plainly; but Harry never knew whether she had shrieked or not. She was aware of nothing except that this unhappy man was perishing—had, perhaps, already perished—for her sake; through fear for her safety, and his wish not to give her offense. She was on her knees upon the ledge, and craning over it with horror-stricken face the next instant, and could see him plainly. His feet had fallen upon that very part of the old path which the storms of last winter had torn and jagged away. A few jolting fragments of rock were all that was left of it—insufficient even for a practiced cragsman to make his way along on either side. His head—she could not see his face—was but a yard beneath her; but how could she get at him?

"I am here," she cried. "Be of good courage, Sir."

She had nothing to offer in the way of help at the moment; but she was well aware of what vital importance it was that he should not lose heart. She lay down with her face on the bare rock, and strove to reach him; but, even had her arm been long enough, he had no hand to spare to clasp her own. The whole force of the gale was full upon her, and carried her hair to windward like a whip.

"Do not come too near the edge, brave girl," cried Richard, beginning to be conscious of her efforts. "Is there no rope nor ladder?"

"Yes," answered the girl. "Keep heart. Do not look down. I must be five minutes gone—not more."

She was up, and with the gate-key in her hand, ere she had done speaking. Great Heaven! would that door never open? How her trembling hands missed the key-hole; and when the key was in, how the rusty wards opposed its turning. Then when the door was opened, it seemed as though the winds had husbanded their strength behind it for one wild sortie, with such fury did they rush out to beat her back. But she struggled in somehow, and on across the howling waste of cliff-top to a little hut of stone, which formed the covering of a well. There, as she expected, she found a rope coiled up, which was used to draw up water in an iron cup, to gratify the curiosity of visitors as much as to quench their thirst; for it was strange, indeed, to meet with fresh water there, the presence of which, no doubt, had caused the place to be chosen for a fastness in old time. With this she hurried back; and fixing one end firmly round the door-post, she looped the other in a slip-knot, and lowered it carefully to Richard. "Put this beneath your arms," she said; "the rope is strong and firmly fastened. You must climb up by it, hand over hand."

It was not so easy a task for the young artist as for a Gethin man; but he was strong and active; and where his chief difficulty lay, which was at the cliff-top, the girl's willing arms assisted him.

"You have saved my life, Harry," were his first words, when he stood in safety. "How shall I ever repay you?"

Then this brave girl, who had never faltered where action was necessary, began to sob and cry.

He took her hand and covered it with kisses. "I may kiss this," said he, plaintively, "may I not?"

She did not withdraw her fingers, but neither did she cease from weeping. Her grief seemed to be something more than that resulting from the tension of strong feelings suddenly relaxed.

"Let me go home, let me go home!" was her sole reply to all his entreaties that she should rest a while, and strive to calm herself. It was with difficulty that he could support her down the steep, so violently did she tremble. When they reached the foot of it she turned to Richard and murmured: "I have one favor to ask of you, Sir. Will you grant it to me?"

"Most certainly, dear girl. It would be gross ingratitude indeed if I did not."

"Then never speak," returned she, earnestly, "of what has occurred to-day. Never show by your manner that you feel—as you say—grateful for what service I have been able to be to you. Let not father nor Solomon ever know."

"It will be very hard, Harry, to keep silence—to owe you so great a debt, without acknowledging it," said Richard, tenderly; "but, since such is your wish, I will obey it."

"Thank you, Sir. And now I will go home alone. I was deterred by the wind, the steepness—any thing you please—from accompanying you up yonder; remember that. You will not mind waiting a while behind me?"

"Surely not," said Richard, wonderingly.

And the next moment she had hurried round an angle of the main-land cliff, and was gone.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

New Suits.—One day when the great Erskine was, as usual, on his way to Westminster Hall, with his large black bag crammed full of briefs, he was accosted by a Jew boy, who asked him if he was a dealer in old clothes. "No, you Hebrew imp," returned the counselor; "these are all new suits."

A police officer, seeing an African whom he knew, exclaimed, "Ah, Sambo, you are an honest, faithful fellow. I'll give you a drink." "With all my heart, Sar," said Sambo; "with all dis chile's heart. Some niggers are haughty and proud, and won't stoop to drink with a police officer; but dat's wrong. I tink a police officer almost, if not ebery way, as good as a nigger—'specially when a nigger's thirsty."

The First Eve-angelical Alliance—Adam's marriage in Eden.

If a needle-gun will shoot four and a half miles, how far will a sewing-machine carry?

An ingenious New Yorker has learned how to keep an umbrella. He buys a big cotton one, fractures two ribs, and breaks off six inches of the handle. No one steals it.

The Pope's Favorite Bull—"I'm infalli-bull."

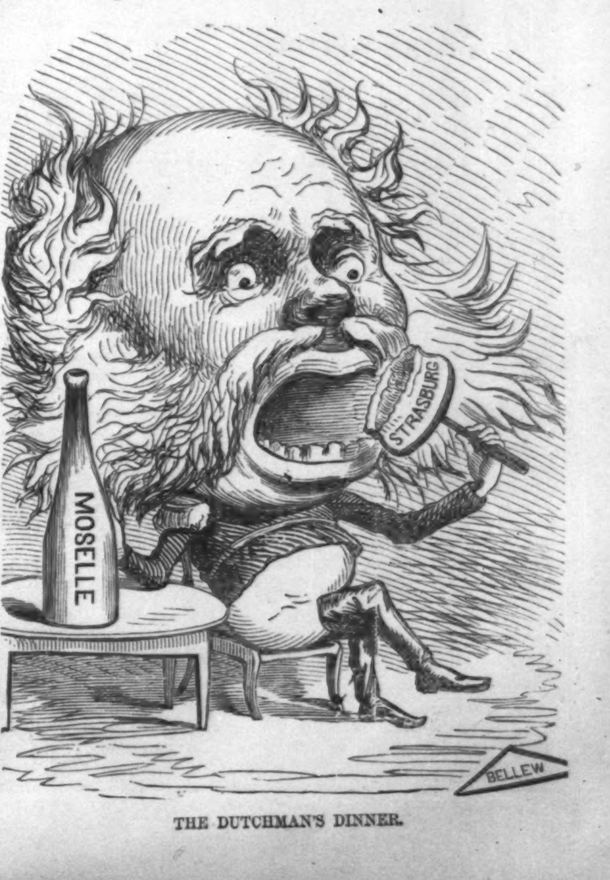
Floating Capital—Heiresses bathing at Long Branch.

A manufacturing wire-worker, in an advertisement, invites the public to come and *see* his *invisible* wire fences.

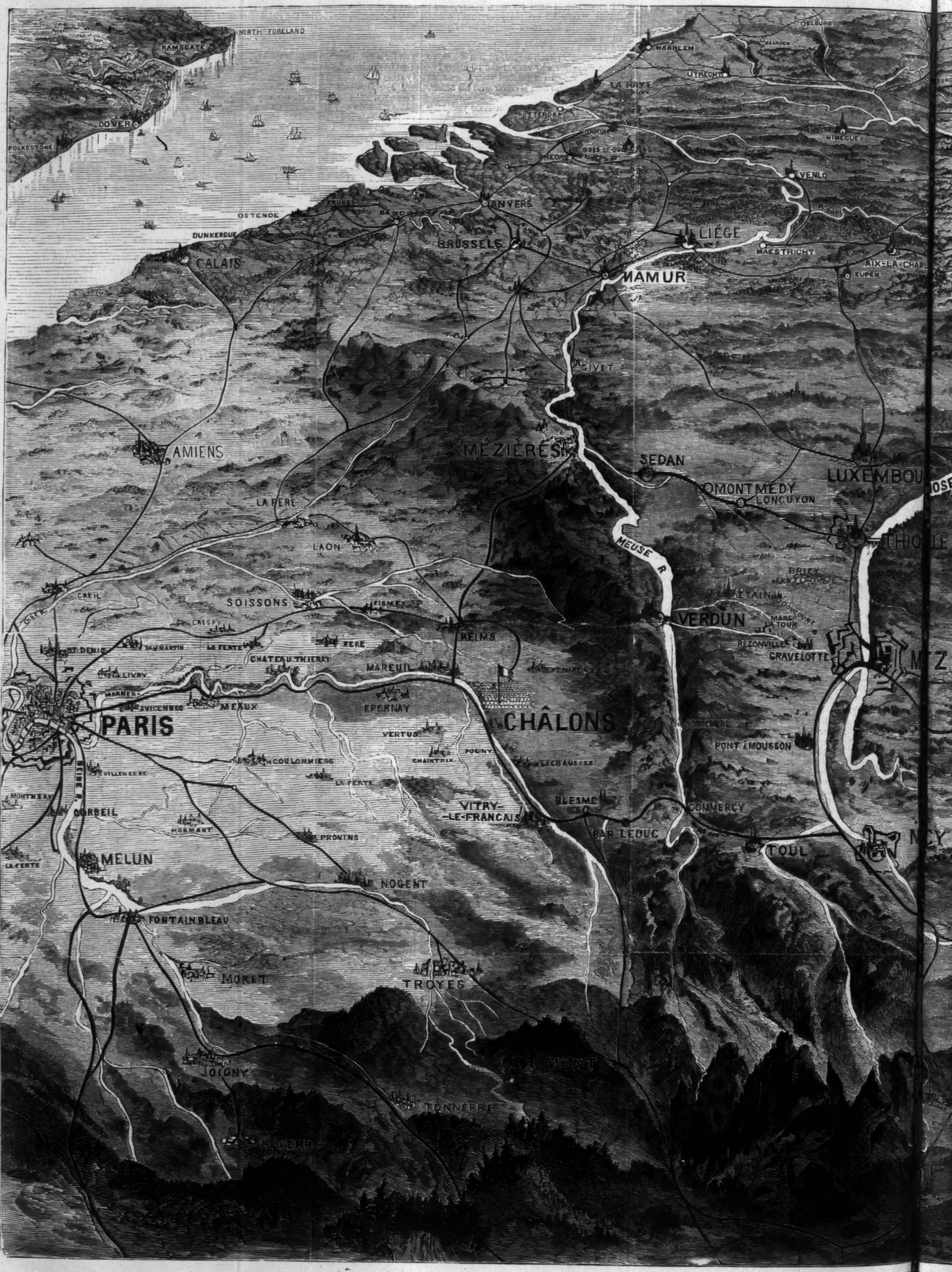
A Cincinnati census-taker, who was also employed as marshal in 1860, says many of the ladies have grown younger during the past ten years.

A Curiosity—The man who can keep cool.

The following is the negro's definition of a gentleman: "Massa make de black man workee—make de horse workee—make de ox workee—make ebery ting workee, only de hog—he no workee; he eat, he drink, he walk 'bout, he go to sleep when he pleases, he lib like a gentleman."



THE DUTCHMAN'S DINNER.


NORTH FORELAND
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OELBURG
NAARDEN
UTRECHT
LA HAYE
ROTTERDAM
GORKUM
BOIS-LE-DUC
BREDA
NIMEGUE
VENLO
LIÉGE
MAESTRICHT
AIX-LA-CHAP
EUPEN
NAMUR
GIVET
AMIENS
MÉZIÈRES
SEDAN
MONTMEDY
LONGUYON
LUXEMBOU
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ETAIN
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GRAVELOTTE
VERDUN
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OISE R.
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MAREUIL
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LIVRY
MARNE R.
VICENNES
MEAUX
EPERNAY
PARIS
CHÂLONS
ST MICHEL
PONT A MOUSSON
VERTUS
POGNY
CHAINTRIX
LA CHAUSSEE
COULOMMIERS
LA FERTE
VILLENEUVE
SEINE R.
MONTHERY
CORBEIL
VITRY-LE-FRANCAIS
BLESME
BAR LEDUC
COMMERCY
MORMANT
PROVINS
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NANCY
MELUN
LA FERTE
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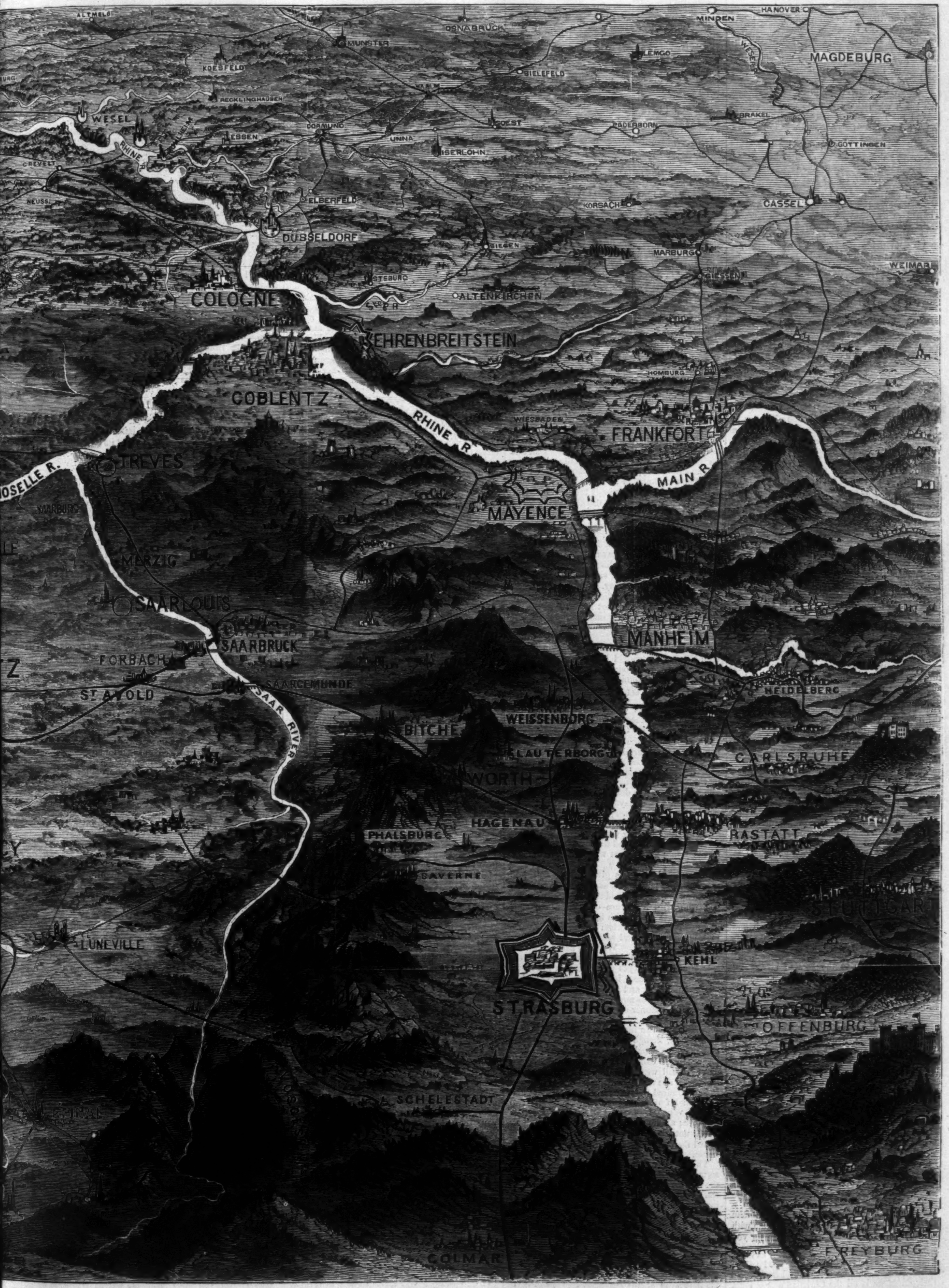
MORET
TROYES
JOIGNY
CHAUMONT
TONNERRE
AUXERRE

PICTORIAL MAP OF THE SEAT WAR I


ALTMELO
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LEMGO
BIELEFELD
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HAMM
WESEL
RHINE R.
MÜHLHEIM
ESSEN
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UNNA
SOEST
PADERBORN
BRAKEL
GÖTTINGEN
ISERLOHN
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NEUSS
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DÜSSELDORF
KORSACH
CASSEL
SIEGEN
MARBURG
WEIMAR
COLOGNE
SIEG R.
ALTENKIRCHEN
GIESSEN
EHRENBREITSTEIN
HOMBURG
COBLENTZ
RHINE R.
WIESBADEN
FRANKFORT
OSELLE R.
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MAIN R.
YAARBURG
MAYENCE
MERZIG
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FORBACH
HEIDELBERG
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ST AVOLD
SAAR RIVER
BITCHE
WEISSENBORG
LAUTERBORG
CARLSRUHE
WORTH
HAGENAU
RASTATT
PHALSBURG
SAVERNE
STUTTGART
LUNEVILLE
KEHL
STRASBURG
OFFENBURG
SCHELESTADT
COLMAR
FREYBURG

VAR IN EUROPE.—[See Page 563.]

TOILERS OF THE SEA.

[See Illustration on Page 572.]

We ride on the back of the wave,
We dip in the trough of the sea;
Our boat is stout and our hearts are brave,
As fishermen's hearts should be.
For winds may be fierce and strong,
And the waves may do us wrong,
And those may weep ere long
Who wait for us three.

We laugh when the winds are fair,
And the nets drag heavily
With the weight of fish, and there is no care
For my fisher-boys and me.
But the winds may rage and roar,
And the surf beat on the shore,
And those wait evermore
Who wait for us three.

'Tis toil and danger and strife;
Yet we love the greedy sea
That gives us bread for a wagered life,
Bread for my lads and me.
But the waves in anger churn,
And the winds seem cruel and stern,
To those who wait and yearn
To welcome us three.

We laugh when the wind is light;
But my heart is heavy in me
Sometimes when I think of my lads at night,
And the perils of the sea.
For winds may be fierce and strong,
And the waves may do us wrong,
And those may weep ere long
Who wait for us three.

HEBRON.

I.—THE SOLITARY HORSEMAN.

It was about five o'clock of a fine afternoon in June, when a single traveler, mounted upon a very dejected-looking steed, might have been seen riding slowly along the smooth highway that leads to the little village of Benton, a quiet farming town in the northern part of Vermont. As I have no desire to make a Jamesian mystery of my hero, I will at once state that his name was Laurence Hardy; that he was a young gentleman of excellent family, fortune, and character, living in the city of the Knickerbockers; and that he was traveling with no special object except to enjoy the pleasant country and the glorious weather.

He was riding slowly on, between the hay-fields, sweet with clover, when he was roused from a rather sentimental reverie by a great rumbling and clattering behind him; and, looking back, saw a great, lumbering stage-coach, drawn by four lean horses, that looked as if they were trying to run away from their harness. Hardy drew his own beast to the side of the road to avoid the dust; and as the huge thing creaked and rocked and rattled by him, his eye ran carelessly over the occupants of the vehicle. There were two or three common-looking faces, which turned toward him with a glance of curiosity, and, on the middle seat, a stout, gray-bearded gentleman, in a wide straw hat. The figure beyond him was hidden by his ample person; but the horseman caught the flutter of a green gauze veil, and saw a small gloved hand clasping the side-strap of the reeling coach.

The village lay just over the brow of the hill before him; and, quickening his pace, Hardy reached the door of its one tavern just as the coach was driven away. It was a delightful-looking place, its whole aspect promising "entertainment for man and beast." The old-fashioned, low-silled house seemed to stand right down in the green grass that almost overran the door-stone. Smooth fields lay all around—for it was a farm-house as well as a tavern—and a number of comfortable-looking barns were grouped in the rear. A great elm-tree stood on one side of the green in front; and from one of its far-spreading branches swung a square sign-board, which bore, in faded yellow letters, the inscription, "Bunce's Tavern."

Hardy was conducted to a large, airy chamber, where every thing was cool and fresh and sweet as hands could make it. Lighting a cigar, he sat down to enjoy the stillness and beauty of the evening. "In the spring a young man's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love;" and Hardy's susceptible imagination was busy with dreams of a certain graceful, dark-eyed enchantress with whom he had danced, and sung duets, and taken romantic walks through all the last moon. Presently his attention was attracted by the sound of a pleasant laugh coming through the open window of the next room, and then he heard a musical voice say:

"Isn't this charming, papa? Such a supper in such a place! Why, it is the identical repast which, in old-fashioned novels, is always set out by the virtuous poor—'a pat of butter, milk fresh from the cow, honey and bread, spread upon a snowy cloth.'"

"Very satisfactory for the Arcadian style," a man's voice replied. "I'll trouble you for another biscuit, my dear. Stage-coach riding has given me an appetite."

"This hill country air would give any thing an appetite. I am glad that to-morrow is Sunday, as we shall be obliged to stay over."

"You can stay over, my dear; but I am obliged to push on some miles farther to a place where I have appointed to meet a man on business. The landlord will furnish me with a horse and wagon, and I shall return for you on Monday. You are not afraid to be left alone?"

"Afraid, in this house! Why, it is as innocent as Rasselas's 'Happy Valley.' The landlord is honesty itself, and his wife benevolence; while their daughter is all the Christian graces combined. Even if I were a nervous young woman, I could not fail to feel safe here."

They said no more, and Hardy, who had not even the most languid interest in them or their affairs, soon forgot them altogether.

My hero's sentimental reveries were not of a nature sufficiently intense to banish slumber. He slept like a top, and was wakened early by the village boys driving the cows afield. The sharp tinkling of the cow-bells, the deep breathing of the cows as they lingered to crop the thick grass beneath his window, the shouting of the little barefooted drovers, and the vociferous barking of a small dog in attendance, made a chorus which would have waked the Seven Sleepers.

As the morning wore on, the sound of a thin, cracked bell, swinging high in the wooden tower of a queer, barn-like structure at the top of a hill not far away, announced the hour of worship; and in answer to its summons the dwellers in the village and outlying farms began to wend their way, at a sober, Sunday pace, to "meeting." "Why shouldn't I go to meeting too?" thought Hardy, and immediately took his hat and went down.

At the door he found the landlord in his shirt-sleeves, sitting with his chair tilted back against the wall and his spectacles on his nose, reading the weekly paper. He brought his chair down with a bump, and, pulling off his glasses, inquired of his guest,

"Goin' to meetin'?"

"I think I shall. Do you go, Sir?"

"No, guess not, this mornin'. Drusilly, my darter, has gone, though. You go right into the meetin'-house, and Deacon Goldthwaite 'll show you my pew. He'll know you're a stranger."

Hardy thanked him and walked away. On reaching the church-door he found that the deacon did seem to know at once that he was a stranger, and to be shown to the Bunce pew; for, after beckoning with his hand several times, and nodding significantly, he went tip-toeing up the broad aisle and motioned the young man to a seat. One other person already occupied the head of the pew, and as Hardy seated himself by the door he threw a careless glance in that direction. Perhaps his look expressed a shade of the surprise he felt, as he said to himself, "Can this be the landlord's daughter, 'Drusilly?'"

The stranger appeared to be about twenty, and had the unmistakable air of a lady. Hardy's critical eye noted approvingly the pure rose-leaf complexion, the small firm mouth, the low sweet forehead, and the wealth of soft brown hair, and pronounced her a beauty also. Her eyes were turned from him, but he felt sure they were gray. Her dress, too, suited perfectly his fastidious taste. It was all of some soft gray material, fashionable in arrangement, but studiously plain, and every thing, down to the very shade of the faultless gloves, in perfect harmony. Hardy sat wondering who she could be, when he chanced to notice a green gauze veil that lay on the seat beside her, and immediately recalled the passenger in the stage-coach and his unseen fellow-lodger at the inn.

The service began with an invocation longer than the sermon should have been, which was followed by the singing of that sweet hymn of Montgomery's, beginning:

"Time grows not old with length of years," etc.

The singing was congregational, a method very beautiful in theory, but usually something fearful in practice. Good Deacon Goldthwaite sounded the first note; it can hardly be said he led the tune, for certainly no one followed him. The tune was "Hebron," so sweetly solemn; and, despite some jarring discords, there was real music in the performance. There were all kinds of voices—the deacon's cracked and trembling tenor, which played him such odd tricks at some of the high notes; the rough bass of the young farmers; the quavering treble of thin-faced matrons, singing with more of pious fervor than of correctness; and the loud, ringing tones of the young girls, sweet with the sweetness of youth and health.

When the hymn was given out, Hardy had turned to the page, and, as the people rose, he moved up the pew, and held the book for the stranger, who, with a gesture of acknowledgment, looked over the page with him. The first verse was not half finished when a sweet, clear voice took up the strain, and seemed to fill the whole church with melody. When it first fell on his ear Hardy looked quickly down at the singer beside him; but her eyes were fixed on the book. At the second verse he too joined in, with a voice rich, strong, and as perfectly modulated as the lady's. It was now her turn to lift her eyes to see what manner of man it was with whom she was singing. She saw a pair of fine dark eyes looking down into her own with a glance of undisguised, though respectful admiration. She met his gaze steadily for an instant, and then her eyes were calmly turned to the page again, her face still wearing its serenely unconscious look, as if she were too well used to being looked at and admired to be disturbed in her quiet and devotional frame of mind. Sweetly the two trained voices rose and fell with the majestic measure; and unconsciously the rest were led by them, until something more like harmony prevailed than was often heard in the little meeting-house.

The "long prayer" was indeed long, and the sermon longer; and then, with one more hymn, the service closed. Hardy stood holding open the pew-door while the lady passed out, bestowing upon him a grave bow as she did so. He followed with his eyes her graceful figure as she moved down the aisle, and had some thought of joining her in her walk back to the tavern; but when he reached the door she had disappeared.

He spent the rest of the day lazily lying on the grass under the apple-trees. At twilight he took a long stroll, thinking tenderly the while of his dark-eyed absent charmer; and, after that, sat at his window and looked at the stars till he grew most unromantically sleepy. As he leaned out to draw together the shutters he heard a low voice in the next room singing a part of the hymn of the morning:

"Spring flowers renew their rich perfume,
But ere another spring they fly;
Our life is longer than their bloom—
Our bloom is sweeter, yet we die."

He listened intently, but there was no more. "A marvelously sweet voice," he said. "I wonder who she is."

The next morning he was awakened by a great noise and confusion below, and, looking out, saw the clattering stage-coach once more at the door. A stout, gray-haired gentleman was handing into it a lady in a traveling dress and a green gauze veil. The coach rumbled away; and an hour later Hardy himself departed, Benton, its church, and the fair-faced stranger soon fading from his thoughts.

II.—MOONLIGHT, MUSIC, LOVE, AND FLOWERS.

The time is a year later—the scene the small town of C——, which lies on the Ohio River, in the good State of Pennsylvania, and which is remarkable only for its exact resemblance to ten thousand other small, thriving towns scattered all over the land. The steamboats from Pittsburg to Wheeling touch there, which is the only circumstance connected with the place necessary to mention.

In a pretty wooden villa in the quiet outskirts of the town lived Mrs. Hortensia Barlow, a charming lady, whose two passions were music and match-making. A very moderate amount of musical talent was sufficient to open alike the doors of her house and her heart to almost any body; and she was always finding some new wonder. At present the object of her enthusiasm was Mr. Hunt, a gentleman of some thirty-five years, the owner of a handsome estate a few miles from C——, and the possessor of a glorious bass voice, which, when exerted to its utmost, fairly made the ornaments on the chimney-piece of the Barlow cottage tremble in their places. He was a large, clumsy man, with a large head—which perhaps had not a great deal in it—but with a large, soft heart, a fair share of good sense, the breeding of a gentleman, and the best temper in the world.

Mrs. Barlow had a party of gay young people staying in her house, and among them was the beautiful Miss Ada Morris, the daughter of a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia. Mr. Hunt had met Miss Morris in Washington the previous winter, and, like a great many before him, had fallen deeply in love with her. He had confided the state of his affections to Mrs. Barlow, who loved nothing better than forwarding the matrimonial schemes of her friends, and readily promised him all the aid in her power. Such, indeed, was her confidence in her own abilities that she deemed the match as good as settled.

It might have been with some girls; but Miss Morris was not quite an easy person to manage. Accustomed to be admired and wooed, the situation had no novelty for her. She could be as coolly critical of a suitor as if the handsome head she carried on her shoulders had been many years older than it was. She had a warm heart though, and was no doubt willing enough to fall in love should the proper object present himself; but Mr. Hunt was not that object. She liked the man very well, enjoyed his fine singing, smiled secretly at his awkwardness, and amiably helped him out of the absurd situations he was always getting into; but that was all. Mrs. Barlow managed to throw the two constantly together, and—most important of all, in her estimation—contrived that they should be constantly singing together. As the good lady heard, day after day, Mr. Hunt's magnificent bass mingling with and sustaining the pure soprano of her friend, she mentally declared that a girl must be more or less than human to resist a voice like that!

But Mr. Hunt was less sanguine. The poor man felt, through all the charming and gracious kindness of Miss Morris's manner, the subtile infusion of a certain silent but irresistible prohibitory force, the weapon of defense which a woman of the world knows how to use so effectively. If he chafed against this silent barrier, or showed any disposition to overstep it, she pitilessly turned him over to the tender mercies of Miss Laura Hathaway, who was also one of Mrs. Barlow's guests, and who was more than suspected of cherishing a decided *penchant* for the musical Hercules. At first he was in despair at this treatment; but, alas for the instability of human emotions, he soon began to find a kind of solace in the companionship of the lively Laura. Miss Hathaway was pretty; her face was animated, and she laughed a great deal. She chattered incessantly, and one could not pick ten sensible words out of all she would say in a week. She was as ignorant of music as I am of Chinese literature, and, much as she admired Mr. Hunt, she could not keep still while he sang. When he asked her if she enjoyed one of Beethoven's sonatas, played superbly by Mrs. Barlow, she answered, "Oh! yes; I think it is *so* nice. Did you ever hear Casey's band play 'When Johnny comes marching home?' It is *splendid.*"

And yet she was so amiable, and she admired himself so much, that Mr. Hunt could not help being charmed. In fact, the poor fellow's ideas were in some confusion. He knew he was in love with somebody—he knew he had lost the heart he was in the habit of calling his own; but which of these two charming creatures had it in her possession he was not at all sure. And that sly Ada laughed in her sleeve to see her despairing swain reviving from the chill of her coldness in the warm beams of a new sun.

Mrs. Barlow was alarmed. "Can Hunt be such a fool," she thought, "as to fancy he can pique Ada in this way? Of course he does not admire Laura—a dear, warm-hearted little thing, to be sure; but, then, she hasn't a thimbleful of brains, and can't sing a note. I dare say he thinks to make himself more desirable by holding aloof a little. Conceited, like every other man. But he will lose Ada if he is not careful. I must warn him."

She did so at the first opportunity. The poor man was terribly embarrassed. "My dear friend," he said, "I hope you do not think me capable of flirting with one lady in order to make an impression upon another. My attentions to Miss Hathaway have been the result of accident. Circumstances have constantly arisen which made them unavoidable."

"Of course I could not suspect you of any thing so dishonorable," replied the lady, fibbing without a blush. "But I feared dear Laura might mistake your feelings toward her."

"I trust not. But, indeed, I fear Miss Morris will never care for me. She is quite cold and indifferent."

"That you will never know unless you ask her. She is not the girl to let you see a preference for you until you do. And I think it right to tell you that your time is short; she leaves us to-morrow."

Mr. Hunt's countenance fell. The thought of losing Ada was misery. He rose and walked the floor. "And do you really think I have a chance?" he asked, dolefully.

"I have always told you that I think the chances are in your favor. Any way, faint heart never won fair lady. If you care to try your fate, I will see that you have the opportunity."

She was as good as her word. That evening Mr. Hunt found himself, through her adroit management, seated with Ada in a deep bay-window, quite apart from the rest of the company, who were occupied with a new game, and knew that it was *now* or *never*.

It was a delicious summer evening. The moon was at the full. The faint, fragrant night wind breathed tenderly through the garden trees, and fire-flies gleamed palely among the dewy shrubbery. At the foot of the garden, and separated from it only by a narrow lane, flowed the river, flashing in the moonlight; and its pleasant ripple mingled with the rustle of the leaves and the occasional chirp of some drowsy bird in the branches. It was the kind of night when people say soft things almost of necessity; but Ada did not choose to talk sentiment with Mr. Hunt; and once or twice, when she thought he was verging on a tender strain, she brought him back to commonplaces so skillfully that he could not resist her lead. At length, almost in despair, he begged her to sing to him once more a song which he had often admired. She consented readily, and sent him to bring her guitar from the table.

Meanwhile Mrs. Barlow was watching the pair with anxious eyes. She felt sure, from the serene expression of the lady's face, and the perplexed look on that of the gentleman, that the fateful question had not been asked. When she saw Mr. Hunt rise to bring the guitar, her patience gave way. "I do believe the man is a fool!" she exclaimed to herself. "To go and ask her to sing, when I had taken so much pains to secure him one last chance of speaking to her! Now the others will come crowding round, and he will not have another word with her. Oh, Ada Morris! You sing that song delightfully, but you do not know how your destiny is hanging upon it!"

Mrs. Barlow was right. The song just then beginning was indeed the minister of destiny to Ada Morris, but not in the way her anxious hostess believed. If Mr. Hunt had found courage to talk of love at that moment, instead of temporizing with music, this story would not have been told—there would have been no story to tell.

But now, Ada, passing the black ribbon of her guitar over her neck, leaned back in her chair in the moonlight, and, touching the strings softly for a moment, began that beautiful song of Mendelssohn's, "I hear a small bird calling." Every breath was hushed, every movement stilled, as the melting tones thrilled through the room and floated out upon the listening air of night. The last note died softly, tremblingly away, and there was a moment of silence before the hum of admiration began to arise. In that instant's pause there was heard, from the lane at the foot of the garden, a man's voice—a rich, mellow tenor, singing, in a charming manner, to a sweet though simple air, these words of Shelley's:

"As the moon's soft splendor
O'er the faint, cold starlight of heaven
Is thrown,
So thy voice most tender
To the strings without soul has given
Its own.

"The stars will awaken,
Though the moon sleep a full hour later
To-night;
No leaf will be shaken
While the dews of thy melody scatter
Delight.

"Though the sound overpowers,
Sing on, with thy sweet voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music, and moonlight, and feeling
Are one!"

Not a fan fluttered, not a ribbon rustled while the song continued. But at the first sound of that voice, Mrs. Barlow, who was looking at Miss Morris, saw her start slightly, and then a soft blush dawned and deepened upon her cheek. An amused smile flickered for a moment about her lips, then faded away, and a dreamy, absent look came over her face. She sat motionless, listening like one whose thoughts are far away, until the singer ceased. Then those who were near the window saw a tall figure move from the shadow of the gateway, and heard footsteps retreating toward the town. In a moment every body was talking at once.

"How beautiful!" "What a splendid voice!" "So romantic too!" "Who can he be?" "Now, Miss Morris, you must positively tell us about him."

Ada calmly protested that she could give them no information, being as much in the dark as themselves.

"Is it really so, Ada?" Mrs. Barlow asked. "I fancied, from the way you listened, that you recognized the voice."

"It *did* seem to me that I had heard that voice before," replied Ada, "but I have not the faintest idea as to who its owner can be."

She blushed slightly; perhaps she was conscious that her words, though perfectly true in fact, contained a slight evasion; for well she remembered where and when she had heard that voice before. Instantly its sound had brought back to her mind the pleasant Sunday morning a year ago, the pretty village, the queer little church with its rustic congregation, the stranger who had held with her the dingy hymn-book, and even the pleasant, dark eyes that had looked down for a moment into hers. But she was not disposed to share her reminiscences with the present company.

"Plague take the strolling singer!" exclaimed Mrs. Barlow to herself. "I could set a dog on him with pleasure, for the mischief he has done. But why in the name of common-sense couldn't Hunt ever be ready with a little graceful turn of that sort? To be sure, he couldn't do the troubadour style with his bass voice, splendid as it is. It takes a tenor for that kind of thing."

Perhaps I may as well mention here that Mr. Hunt married Laura Hathaway the following Christmas. He fully believes her the only woman in the world who could have suited him; and has not the slightest idea that any agency but his own will was instrumental in bringing about a result which has made him the happiest of men.

III.—THREE TIMES, AND OUT.

It was a little past sunset when the steamer from Pittsburg touched at the little levee at C——; and one of her passengers, learning that she would be detained until midnight in taking on freight, thought he might agreeably spend the interval of waiting in a stroll about the town. The passenger, who was no other than our friend Laurence Hardy, was on his way to Cincinnati, to act as groomsman at a wedding; on which occasion he was to have for his partner Miss Clara Avery, that very dark-eyed enchantress of whom we found him dreaming a year ago. The two were now formally betrothed, and their marriage was to take place in the autumn.

Indulging in a lover's reverie, Hardy strolled a long time about the moonlit streets, and was returning to the landing through what seemed a private lane that ran along the water-side. He was sauntering slowly on in the shadow of some gardens, when his ear caught the tinkling music of a guitar, and, looking through an opening in the shrubbery, he beheld the musician—a lady in a light flowing dress, seated in the curtained recess of a window opening into a brilliantly lighted parlor. Her face was turned from him, but he could see the outline of a graceful head; and the little hand, hovering over the strings, showed like a lily in the moonlight. In a moment she began to sing; and, to his surprise, Hardy recognized the voice of the stranger in the village church of Benton. There could be no mistake. The voice was one in a thousand—a clear, brilliant soprano, with a flute-like purity of tone, and a certain sympathetic quality which left its echo in the heart as well as the ear. Hardy was passionately fond of music, and he was in a mood to particularly enjoy whatever savored of romance or sentiment. He listened breathlessly; and as the last strain melted away a sudden impulse prompted him to reply. As he proceeded he saw, with amusement, that the company within the room were listening intently. He knew that he sang well, and he was doing his very best.

"I would give something," he said, as he finished his lay, and turned to resume his walk, "to know if she recognized my voice as quickly as I did hers. It is hardly likely, I fear. But who can she be? I will certainly ask her next time, for I have a presentiment that I shall sing with her again. *Three times, and out!* they say."

At this moment, and while he was still some distance from the levee where the boat lay, he heard a whistle and the rush of her paddles in the water. He darted forward and ran swiftly to the landing, but, on reaching it, found that he was five minutes too late. The boat was a dozen lengths from the shore, and receding so rapidly down the stream as to render vain any effort to signal her.

How Hardy cursed his own folly in dallying to sing serenades to a stranger when time was so precious! If he had not loitered by that fatal garden-gate he would have been in time. There was no other boat until the next day at noon; he must either wait for that, or drive twenty miles across the country to a railway station, where he could catch a morning train for Cincinnati. He chose the latter plan, and gained the train, but only to encounter fresh detentions—a damaged bridge, an encumbered track—no danger; only fatal delay. They missed connection; and, to make a long story short, when Hardy reached Cincinnati the wedding was over, and the bridal party, including Clara Avery, had been gone twenty-four hours.

But the worst was yet to come. When Hardy failed to appear at the wedding it became necessary to supply his place as groomsman. The choice of a substitute fell on Jack Filmore, a young lawyer from St. Louis—a handsome fellow, with a killing pair of eyes, a pretty turn for sentiment, the ability to waltz all night without flagging, and any amount of assurance. Clara's fickle fancy was caught. In a week she had transferred to him the whole small stock of her affections; and when, at the end of a fortnight, Hardy, again delayed by business, managed to join the bridal party at Niagara, Miss Avery was engaged to his rival.

He was not a man to contest the possession of such a woman's heart. He offered neither reproach nor remonstrance, but proudly renounced all claim upon her, and departed in the very next steamer for Europe.

But the poor fellow was hard hit. He had honestly loved the shallow and selfish beauty, and, moreover, he had believed in her; and it is a sore thing to have all one's dearest illusions, as well as hopes, shattered at once. If he had been compelled to work for his living he would very likely have found a speedy cure in employment, but, unfortunately, he had any amount of leisure in which to brood over and magnify his sorrows. He rambled over Europe, seeking out all the most melancholy places to go and be wretched in, and finding a kind of dismal solace in the thought that there was no solace for him. But he was too amiable for misanthropy, and too healthy for perpetual gloom. Thackeray, that wise student of human hearts, tells us that, let a young man be ever so great a sufferer from the griefs of love, there comes a time when he begins to sleep sound o' nights, and to have some relish for a beef-steak. So when, at the end of two years, Hardy yielded to the solicitations of his parents and returned home, he was really not wholly miserable. He still, indeed, regarded himself as a "blighted being." He was fond of turning off the gas and sitting alone at his window on stormy nights; of thinking what a hollow world we live in; and of believing that for him the dream was dreamed, the cup was drained, etc., etc. He was very absurd, I admit; but then his wound had been deep, and he did not know yet how nearly healed it was.

He was a little annoyed, on first reaching home, to find a guest in the house, a friend of his sister Julia. On being presented to Miss Ada Morris, he noticed merely a quiet and very self-possessed young lady, who accepted his civil but rather listless attentions with languid indifference; and he could not have told, after she left the room, whether she was brown or fair, handsome or plain. He found her very little in his way, however. The young ladies had their own pursuits and their own circle of gay associates, with whom he fancied that he had little in common. They seemed to have no need of him; and so, though he was careful to pay Miss Morris such attentions as courtesy demanded, he really saw very little of her, and was not at all attracted by her. She, on her part, was by no means charmed with her friend's brother. She thought him rather a dull and uninteresting young man, too self-absorbed and indolent to be agreeable, and, after the first day or two, took little notice of him in any way.

One evening—it was Sunday, and so the family were alone—Mr. and Mrs. Hardy sat reading by the parlor fire; Julia and her friend, on a sofa in the corner, were talking in low tones; while Laurence, in a small, unlighted room adjoining, was sitting by the window dreamily watching the stars. Old Mr. Hardy laid aside his book and turned to Miss Morris.

"Ada, my love, are you not intending to give us our Sunday evening music?"

"Certainly, my dear Sir, if you wish it. I am glad you do, for I always play to papa on Sunday evenings, and it seems like home."

She rose and went to the piano. Laurence, who had not lost his passion for music, listened curiously. He had not seen enough of the guest to be aware that she played. But he soon saw that her touch was true and delicate, and the quiet, devotional airs she played were well chosen. It was very pleasant, peaceful music; and Laurence, sitting there unseen, listened with a kind of enjoyment that was new to him. At the end of half an hour Miss Morris rose from the instrument.

"Pray, do not go yet, my dear child," said the old gentleman. "Sing me something first."

She reseated herself, and her fingers wandered lightly over the keys for a moment, as if of their own accord. At length they struck the notes of a familiar tune, and in an instant she began to sing:

> "Time grows not old with length of years," etc.

At the third line she was joined by a fine, full tenor, coming from the dimly lighted room behind her. She started at the sound, and turned to listen, but she sang on. About the middle of the third verse Laurence Hardy emerged from the shelter of the inner room, and stood leaning against the doorway, still carrying his part of the tune, and looking attentively at Miss Morris, who, with her head turned over her shoulder, was looking at him.

The song came to a dead stop as the two singers, as if by a common impulse, came hastily forward. They met half-way, the gentleman clasping warmly the extended hand of the lady. Both spoke at once. "And was it really you?" she asked; while he exclaimed, "*Three times, and out!* I knew it could not fail."

The rest is quickly told. When two young people pass at one step from indifference to intimacy, it does not take them long to become lovers. The course of their true-love ran as smooth as heart could desire, and their wedding took place in the following June. When it was over, the happy pair departed on their bridal tour to—where, think you? Not to Paris, St. Petersburg, nor even to Newport or Long Branch. No. Those two romantic simpletons started for Vermont; and one Saturday afternoon, just as the sun was setting, they drove quietly into the little village of Benton, where "Bunce's Tavern" received them under its hospitable shelter.

The next morning was sweet, dewy, and fresh as that other June morning our young friends remembered so well. Nothing about the place was changed. The same, or what seemed the same, mild-faced cows came, with their tinkling bells, under the windows; the same hens cackled in the farm-yard, and the same birds sang in the orchard. The little cracked bell rang for service from the queer tower of the old church, and the same people went by in, I verily believe, the self-same Sunday clothes to meeting.

Our travelers went to meeting too; it was what they had come for. Deacon Goldthwaite, with many nods, showed them to the Bunce pew—only now they sat, not in opposite corners, but closely side by side. The only change they saw was the happy one of their relation to each other.

The preacher droned out the lesson of the morning, and announced the hymn. Deacon Goldthwaite "pitched the tune;" and once more, standing side by side and holding the same book, Laurence and Ada joined their voices with the rest of the congregation. Of all tunes in the world, it was "Hebron" that they sang! The words were not Montgomery's, but the more familiar ones of Dr. Watts; and any one who had been looking at our two friends might have seen the brown eyes and the gray seek each other quickly, and with a very peculiar expression, at the singing of the first line:

> "Thus far the Lord hath led me on."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A huge mass of masonry and sundry gigantic engineering appliances near Fulton Ferry, on the Brooklyn side, indicate that the solid foundation for the great East River Bridge is being laid as rapidly as possible. No extraordinary obstructions in excavating have yet been found, and it is hoped that the Brooklyn pier may be finished in two years. The construction of the New York pier, at the foot of Roosevelt Street, will soon be commenced.

The Superintendent of the Census expects to make public the complete population of the country early in October. By the first of September the population of most of the large cities will be known. Thus far the indications are that the increase during this decade has been less than had been generally anticipated.

An immense railway bridge has been erected over the Dnieper, near Kiev. It is the longest in Europe, being 3503 feet in length, and consisting of twelve arches.

London is considered the hottest, and Liverpool the coolest city in England.

A short time before the commencement of the European war the French Emperor received a letter from a young Austrian, who mildly stated that he was gifted with a voice such as is not heard once in a hundred years, and which has been given him for the consolation of humanity. To this information he added a request for a pension of 5000 francs, and a student's entry at the Paris Academy of Music. The letter was accompanied by a photograph of a very handsome young man.

Most of the pretty and curious souvenirs sold to strangers at Niagara Falls are manufactured elsewhere. The spar-rock jewelry comes from abroad, and much of the "Indian work" is made by Yankees and others who live far from Niagara.

In too many fashionable American families there is comparatively little regard paid to the comforts and pleasures of quiet home life, but a great outlay of money made for personal adornment, parlor decoration, and elaborate suppers whenever the so-called "claims of society" demand it. The most cultivated circles of Paris hold weekly receptions in a style whose simplicity would surprise many an ambitious matron. Coffee and ices form the refreshment, if any is offered at all. There is plenty of light, some music, and a few gracefully disposed vases of flowers ornament the *salon*. The professors of the University of Paris, Doré, Bonheur, and Frère, Madame De Gasparin, and Guizot, may be met at such receptions, and at dinner-parties, where a leg of veal is the *pièce de résistance*, and a bright-tinted silk is over dress. Those persons who have studied abroad, and been admitted to the most intellectual and cultivated circles of the French capital, are aware that, untouched by the extravagance of the court, or the dull pomp of moneyed *bourgeoisie*, there exists society, high-bred and exclusive, which observes a marked simplicity.

A portrait of Luther, painted by Lucas Cranach, was discovered not long ago in Silesia. It was hidden under successive layers of dust and cobwebs, in a passage leading from a church in Reichenbach to a schoolroom. This portrait is considered the best in existence.

It is related of the French Emperor that when he left Paris to lead the army he declined to have a tent provided for him. A general remarking that it was an unnecessary denial, he cheerfully replied: "What is the good of tents? We are going to a country where we shall probably meet with houses; besides, the cows' carpet will never fail us, and we shall always have a cloak to cover us." It has been ascertained since that "three trains from Metz were filled with the Emperor's personal outfit—carriages, cooks, beds, sofas, and all luxuries."

Mrs. Brown's Budget is the name of an English comic paper just announced by Mr. Arthur Sketchley.

It has been decided to remove the body of Rossini from Paris to the Church of Santa Croce, at Florence, where the remains of Dante, Michael Angelo, Petrarch, and other illustrious Italians are interred. Madame Rossini is stated to have given her consent.

During the past year over four hundred persons have been arrested by the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of whom two hundred and sixty-nine were convicted and punished. Over fifty horses, not permanently disabled, have been saved from death. Since the last report of the treasurer of this society three legacies have been bequeathed to it, amounting, in the aggregate, to seven thousand dollars; and since May 18, 1870, the sum of eight thousand dollars has been received toward the purchase of a building for the society.

An honest writer in *The Queen* remarks that none will be very much inclined to dispute that this is an age of shams, and yet we deceive so openly. We carry out the little social deceptions of life with the full knowledge that every body knows our shams are shams, in an age when it is the fashion to call a spade a spade. Rouge is rouge, and is palpably rouge, though our best friends wear it; and the world in general are perfectly aware that not one chignon or plaited chatelaine braid in a thousand grows on the head it adorns. The other day, at one of the most fashionable houses in London, a popular lady excused herself for removing her bonnet in her own house (it was Sunday, and she had just come from church), because she should have to put on another bandeau—that worn with her bonnet and without being perfectly different. For bandeau read chignon.

A copy of Macklin's splendid edition of the Bible, profusely illustrated with about 11,000 engravings and drawings, comprising specimens of every school and style, was sold lately in London for £165. This valuable collection of pictorial art was formed by the late Mr. John Gray Bell, of Manchester, and was handsomely bound in sixty-three large folio volumes. This is, doubtless, the largest Bible in existence.

Patriotism, wherever seen, inspires respect. For two years past a young Frenchman has followed the humble calling of a boot-black, his stand being in Broad Street. He was steadily gaining a little fortune for himself; but the reverses of his countrymen so distressed him that he resolved to return to his native land, and, if necessary, die in her defense. He could not be persuaded to change his determination, though several attempted to do so.

The thirty-sixth camp-meeting of the Methodist Episcopal churches of New York and vicinity was recently held at Sing Sing. About three hundred tents were erected and occupied by families from this city, and from towns along the Hudson River. Many improvements were made on the grounds this year. Gas was introduced, and a reservoir of water was constructed capable of holding 7000 gallons. The water was conducted from a spring by galvanized iron pipes.

Anglers do not often catch bank-notes. But not long since, while a man was fishing for pike on Lake Windermere, he saw something white floating on the water. He pulled it in, and found it was a twenty-pound Bank of England note. Presently he perceived other waifs of the same kind floating on the surface, and soon he fished up four five-pound notes. He happened to be an honest fellow, and by inquiry discovered that they had been lost by a tourist, out of whose pocket they had fallen while he was boating on the lake four days previously.

Corinne and other places in Utah have been visited with a plague of lizards. They fell in recent showers, are from two to eight inches long, and lively enough in water, but die soon on dry ground. They are clearly water reptiles, and could not have come out of the ground, as toads are said to do, after showers.

The Governor of one of the Western States is not only a gallant but a jocose man. He was riding in a car lately with a friend, when two young men came in escorting two young ladies. There were no vacant seats, and the Governor and his friend surrendered theirs to the ladies. What was their astonishment to see the young men occupy the seats and take the young ladies on their laps! "What a mistake," exclaimed the Governor, "we might have done that!"

The inhabitants of Osterode, a small German town, have voted the sum of 10,000 thalers, which will be presented to the man who captures the Emperor Napoleon, either dead or alive!

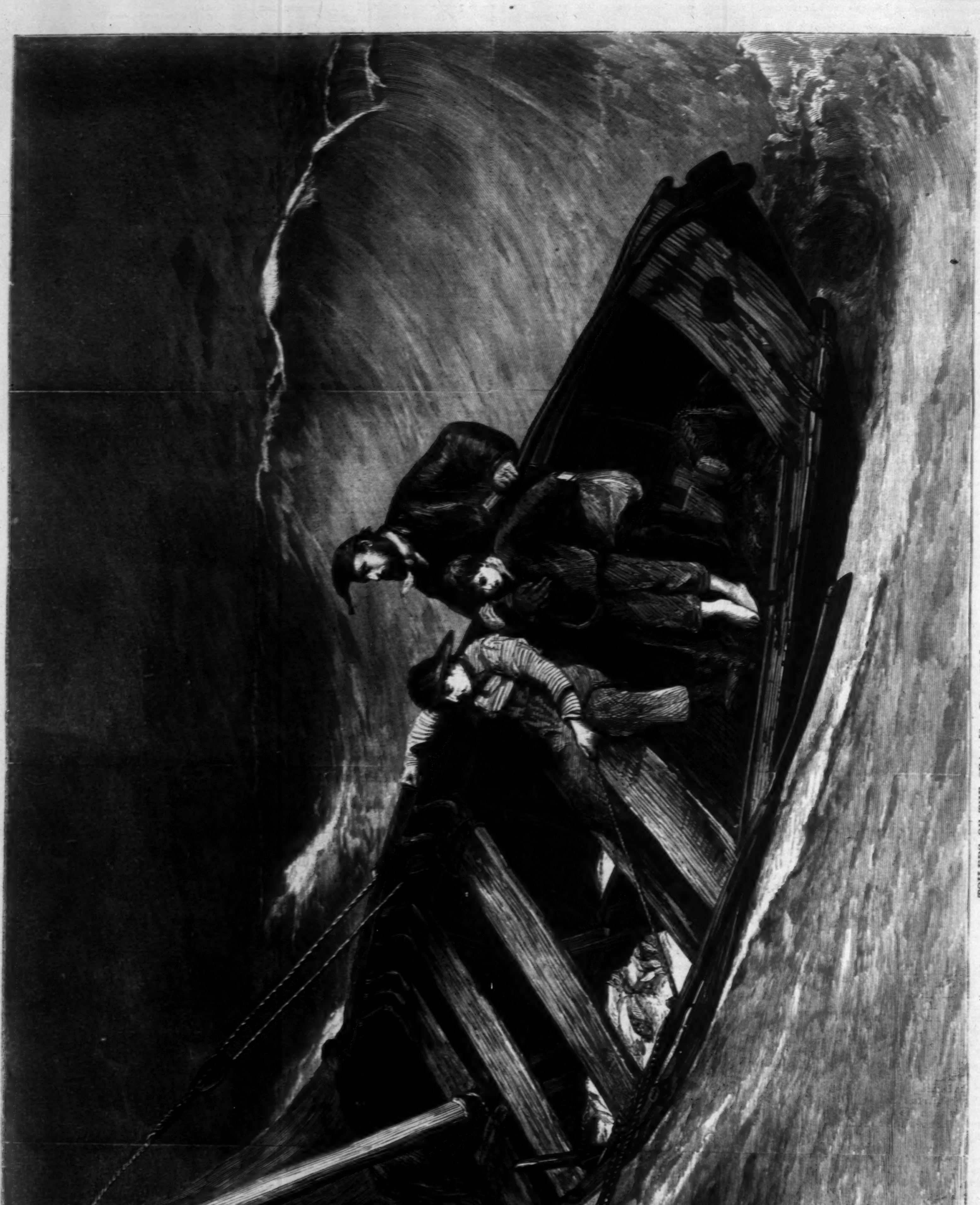
The gossips of Jackson, Mississippi, have been greatly excited over the recent marriage of Hon. A. T. Morgan (white), State Senator from Yazoo County, to Miss Carrie V. Highgate (colored), of Jackson. The alliance had been anticipated for some weeks, and curiosity was at its height. The couple, however, "stole a march" upon the public, and the ceremony was performed at half past one in the morning, just in season for them to take the night train to Cleveland. So the affair terminated quietly. The bridegroom is a native of Ohio, about thirty-three years old, served in the Federal army, was wounded at Bull Run and at Gettysburgh, and at the close of the war was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel. The bride is a quadroon about twenty-five years old. She is very pretty, dresses with taste, and is said to be finely educated.

Charles Rogers, LL.D., in a letter to the London *Daily News*, relates the following incident:

"In 1864, in the course of a tour, I arrived at the town of Barnard Castle, in the county of Durham, late on a winter evening, and put up at the principal hotel, a large, old-fashioned structure, fronting the principal street. At breakfast the following morning I chanced to notice on the opposite side of the street a large clock face, with the name Humphrey surrounding it, most conspicuously exhibited in front of a watch and clock maker's shop. 'How odd,' I exclaimed to a gentleman seated beside me; 'here is Master Humphrey's clock!' 'Of course,' said the gentleman; 'and don't you know that Dickens resided here some weeks when he was collecting materials for his "Nicholas Nickleby," and that he chose his title for his next work by observing that big clock face from his window?' After breakfast I stepped across to the watch-maker and asked him whether I had been correctly informed respecting Mr. Dickens and the clock. The worthy horologist entered into particulars. 'My clock,' said he, 'suggested to Mr. Dickens the title of his book of that name. I have a letter from him stating this, and a copy of the work, inscribed with his own hand. For some years we corresponded. I got acquainted with him just by his coming across from the hotel as you have done this morning, and his asking me to inform him about the state of the neighboring boarding-schools.'"

Mr. Humphrey entered into many particulars about the schools, and explained to Mr. Rogers how Mr. Dickens's attention had been called to the subject.

At a fashionable *salon* in Paris a select company were assembled sipping their tea, one afternoon. A youthful blonde, dressed in white, attracted much attention; and some remark that she made led two English ladies who were present to conjecture who she was. "That young fair woman must be Madame Ollivier," said one to the other. Compliments were showered upon the blonde, and every body's amiability toward her increased tenfold. Meanwhile the veritable Madame Ollivier, who had sat silent and unobserved in a corner of the *salon*, "assisted" smilingly at this small comedy. But when one of the English ladies exclaimed once more, on looking again at the blonde, "How graceful, how fair! she must surely be Madame Emile Ollivier," the real Prime Minister's wife rose and said, with her usual sweet manner, "That pretty woman is, as you say, exceedingly graceful and charming, but I am Madame Ollivier." And thereupon she disappeared. The Minister's charming wife is gifted with more than ordinary intelligence, but she is too young and too modest to keep the ball of conversation to herself.



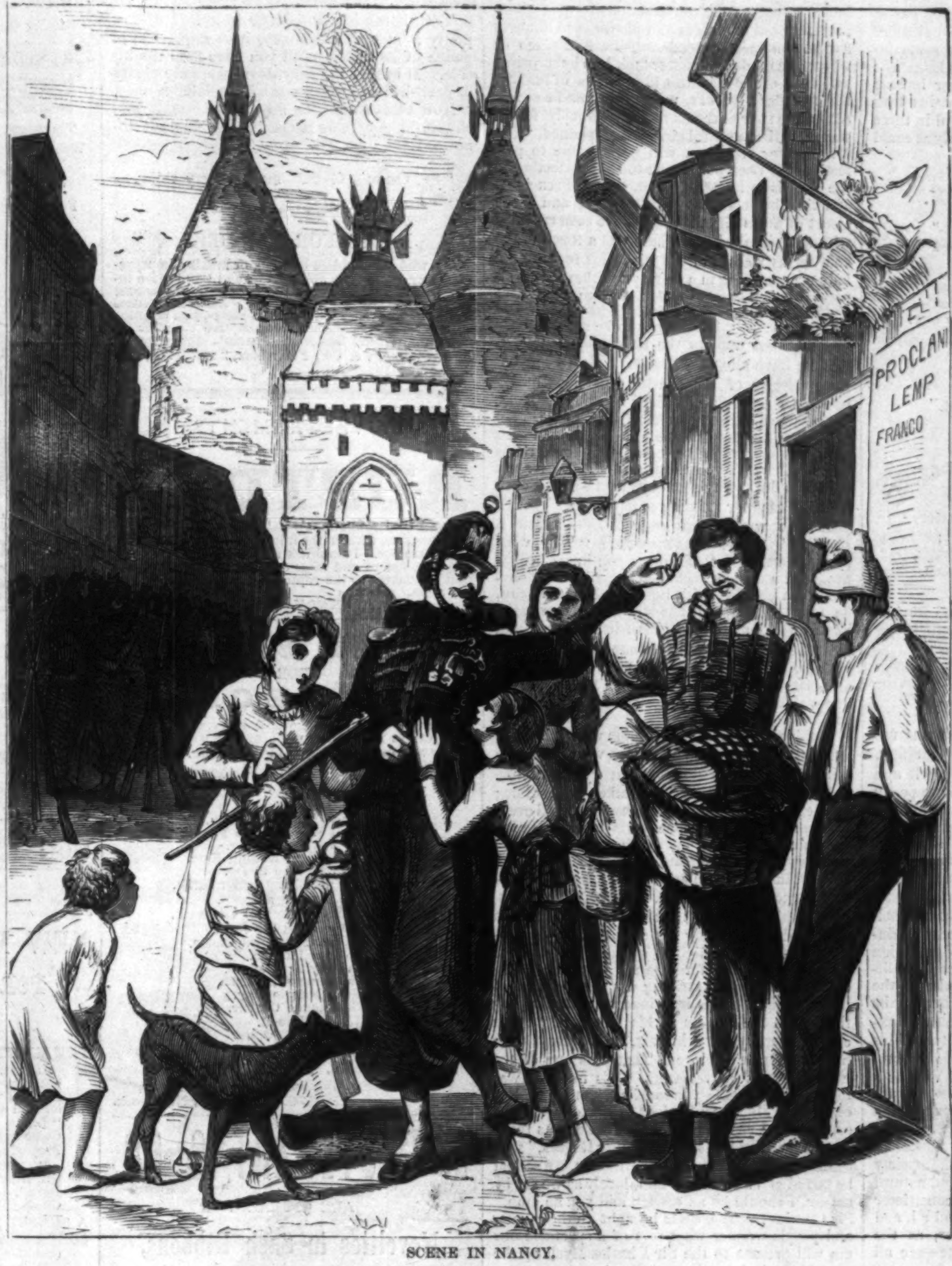
TOILERS OF THE SEA.—[See Page 570.]

SCENE IN NANCY.

THE sketch on this page represents an incident which occurred during a halt of French troops on their way through the picturesque old town of Nancy. A soldier, in heavy marching order, stands in the midst of a group of towns-people, who are pulling him about with the greatest interest, examining his Chassepot, and all his trappings. In the background is the fine old gate known as the Porte de la Graffe.

STUDYING A WAR MAP.

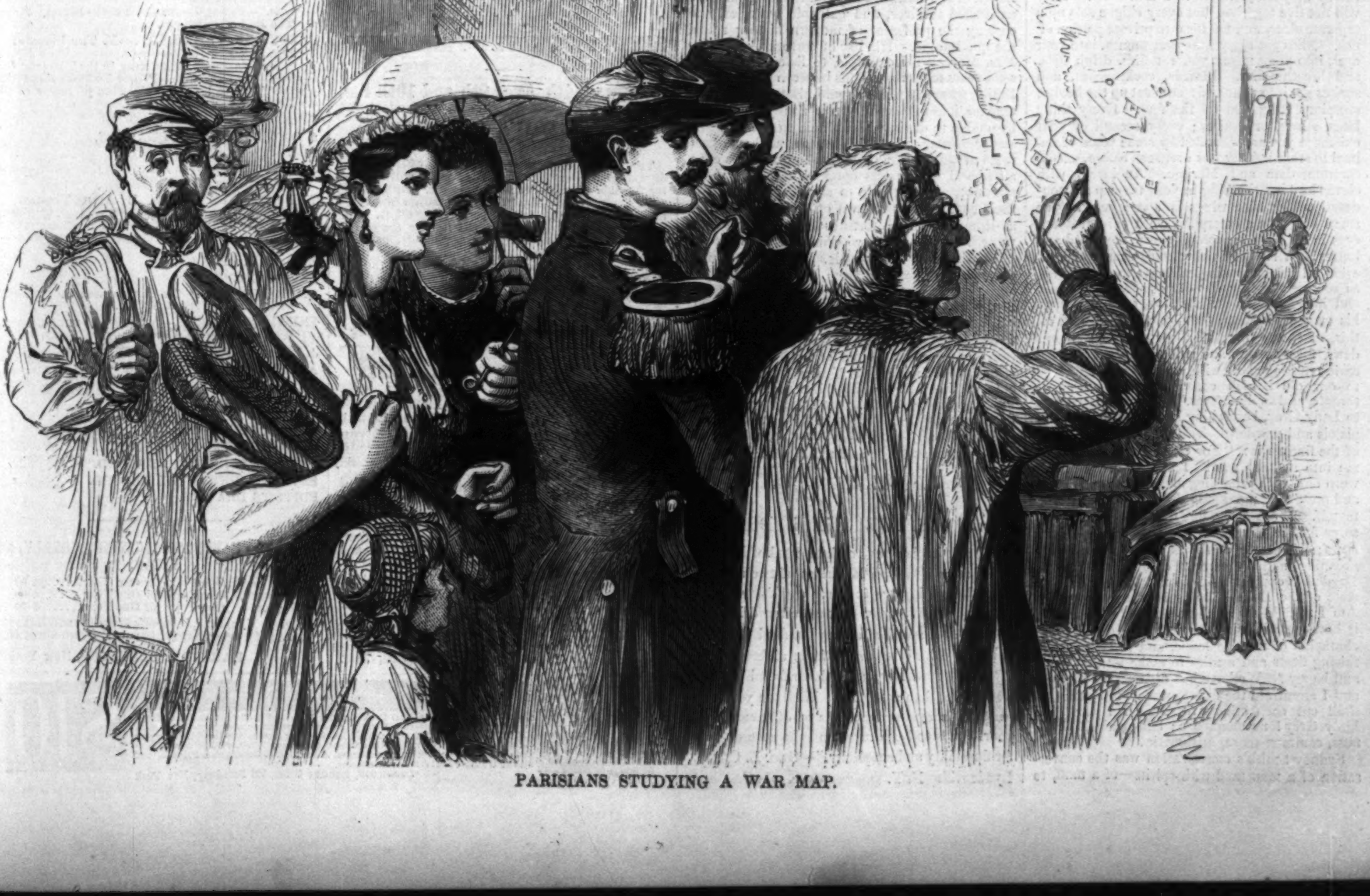
THE Parisian street scene represented on this page is one which Americans are only too well able to understand and to sympathize with. It seems but yesterday since we were tracing the course of our own armies by means of newspaper war maps, and trying to understand the strategy of the generals, and to predict the course of the campaign. In Paris, says *Figaro*, the art of "parlor strategy" has been brought to great perfection, by means of maps and colored flags. Many an amateur general has shown the way to beat MOLTKE, cross the Rhine, and march to Berlin, and, doubtless, since the defeat at Weissenburg, has thought it a pity that he had not been in M'MAHON's place. One of these amateur military geniuses, says *Figaro*, who was recently dining out, brandished his fork in the heat of discussion, exclaiming, "I shall fall upon the right wing and the left flank!" To which the mistress of the house, whose whole soul was absorbed in the task of carving chickens, answered, "Why, then, you want at least half a fowl." This amusement is, probably, not so popular in Paris now as it was a month ago; but we can imagine the painful anxiety with which the war maps are daily studied by the Parisians, as the apparently resistless tide of German invasion rolls nearer and nearer.



SCENE IN NANCY.

EGYPTIAN BURIALS.

THE most curious, if not the most useful, of the arts of Egypt, was that by which they disposed of their dead. It was the will of the Egyptians to have their bodies, or the principal portions of them, preserved as long as possible from decay; and this was effected so successfully that the sight-seer of to-day may examine the corpses of men and women over whom thousands upon thousands of years have rolled without bringing to them corruption, or depriving them of the human form. Indeed, we know of no limit to the endurance of the mummy if left in Egypt, the climate for which it was prepared. The processes (for there were three processes) of embalming required from two to three months to complete them. The body was never embalmed whole. Some portions were always removed, and not always, there is reason to suppose, preserved; but commonly the separated portions were preserved by themselves and placed in jars. The exterior body was then filled with myrrh, cassia, and other gums, and after that saturated with natron. Then there was a marvelous swathing of the embalmed form, so artistically executed that professional bandagers of the present day are lost in admiration of its excellence. "According to Dr. Granville, there is not a single form of bandage known to modern surgery of which examples are not seen in the swathings of the Egyptian mummies. The strips of linen have been found extending to 1000 yards in length. Rossellini gives a similar testimony to the wonderful variety and skill with which the bandages have been applied and interlaced." The exclusion of the air from the surface of the body was the object of this patient labor, and every proper expedient was resorted to to make the cerements fit tightly. Not the large limbs only, but the fingers and toes have been separately bandaged in the more elaborate mummies. The body was generally labeled, having its card, so to speak, placed within the linen folds, and generally on the breast. The identification was usually a plate of metal engraved, but sometimes it was a small image of a god, or an animal, with the name of the mummy on it, and this has been found sometimes within the body. Beads, ear-rings, necklaces are frequently turned out from among the wrappings. The bandaging effected, the next thing was to fit the mummy's *surtout*, which was made of layers of cloth pasted or glued together till they formed a pasteboard. Before it could be called a board, however—that is to say, while it was yet moist and pliable—it was placed about the wearer, whose shape it was made to take accurately. As soon as the artist was satisfied with the fit, the garment was sewn up at the back, and then allowed to harden. A mask, representing the features of the deceased, was put over the head, and continued some way over the shoulders. Male mummies wore a reddish-brown, and female a yellowish-green mask, as a rule; but the faces of some mummies, and sometimes even their whole surfaces, were


CARTE DU THEATRE DE LA GUERRE

PARISIANS STUDYING A WAR MAP.

gilded over. Commonly the pasteboard case was painted in bright colors, whose brilliancy was as lasting as the mummy itself. Hieroglyphics were emblazoned on it, and it was in some instances stuck over with beads and spangles. The legend would describe the departed, or include a prayer or invocation. The mummy was thus complete, but it was boxed up afterward in three coffins made to follow its shape as nearly as could be.

THE PRINCE'S BAPTISM.

"Louis has had his baptism of fire."
Emperor's Telegram.

"How jolly, papa! how funny!
How the blue men tumble about!
Huzza! there's a fellow's head off—
How the pretty red blood spouts out!

"And look, what a jolly bonfire!
Wants nothing but colored light;
Oh, papa! burn a lot of cities,
And burn the next one at night."

"Yes, child, 'tis operatic,
But don't forget, in your glee,
For your sake this play is playing—
That you may be worthy me.

"They baptized you in Jordan water—
Baptized as a Christian, I mean;
But you come of the race of Cæsar,
And thus have their baptisms been.

"Baptized in true Cæsar fashion,
Remember through all your years
That your font was a burning city,
And your water its widows' tears."

SYDNEY SMITH'S WIT.

SYDNEY SMITH's style in reviewing was not criticism like Jeffrey's. It was the laughing, rollicking nonsense of a man of rare wit and imagination talking about the book with a pen in his hand exactly as he talked about it in his own easy-chair at Foxton or at his table in Green Street. "Lightness and flimsiness," he used to say, "are my style in reviewing;" but thousands of readers read Sydney Smith's nonsense who never thought of cutting the leaves to look at a page of Jeffrey's metaphysics or Brougham's politics. His fine Roman hand is generally distinguishable in the first sentence. His description of Dr. Parr's wig, for instance, trespassing a little on the orthodox magnitude of perukes in the anterior parts, but scorning even episcopal limits behind, and swelling out into boundless convexity of friz, and the comparison of the style of his wig with the style of his sermons—his account of the Society for the Suppression of Vice as a society for suppressing the vices of people with incomes of less than £500 a year—his suggestion that Mr. Waterton's illustration of a nondescript species of monkey was the head of a master in chancery, and his criticism upon the impropriety of travelers thus trifling with science and natural history—his description of the boa constrictor swallowing the tortoise whole, shell and all, and consuming him slowly in the interior, as the Court of Chancery does a great estate—are all in the exact style of his talk. Here is an example of the way in which he gathered up in his recollection a host of incidents to exemplify the pleasures of life in the tropics, and threw them out in an avalanche of wit: "The *bête rouge* lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment you are covered with ticks. Chigoes bury themselves in your flesh, and hatch a large colony of young chigoes in a few hours. They will not live together, but every chigoe sets up a separate ulcer, and has his own private portion of pus. Flies get entry into your mouth, into your eyes, into your nose; you eat flies, drink flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockroaches, and snakes get into your bed; ants eat up the books; scorpions sting you on the foot. Every thing bites, stings, or bruises; every second of your existence you are wounded by some piece of animal life that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam and Meriam. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your tea-cup; a nondescript with nine wings is struggling in the small beer; or a caterpillar with several dozen eyes in his belly is hastening over the bread and butter! All nature is alive, and seems to be gathering all her entomological hosts to eat you up, as you are standing, out of your coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Such," he says, reflecting upon his own description, "are the tropics, and all this, of course, may well reconcile us to our dews, fogs, vapors, and drizzle—to our apothecaries rushing about with gargles and tinctures—to our old British constitutional coughs, sore throats, and swelled faces." His whimsical note to Lady Grey, beseeching her to put up my lord's pistols and powder-flasks out of his reach, is full of the finest wit: "For God's sake do not drag me into another war! I am worn down, and worn out, with crusading and defending Europe, and protecting mankind; I *must* think a little of myself. I am sorry for the Spaniards—I am sorry for the Greeks—I deplore the fate of the Jews; the people of the Sandwich Islands are groaning under the most detestable tyranny; Bagdad is oppressed—I do not like the present state of the Delta—Thibet is not comfortable. Am I to fight for all these people? The world is bursting with sin and sorrow. Am I to be champion of the decalogue, and to be eternally raising fleets and armies to make all men good and happy? We have just done saving Europe, and I am afraid the consequence will be that we shall cut each other's throats. No war, dear Lady Grey! no eloquence; but apathy, selfishness, common-sense, arithmetic!"

Sydney Smith's conversation was the conversation of a man mad with spirits—of a man, to use his own expression, who must either talk, laugh, or burst; the conversation of a man whose intellect bred analogies and picturesque imagery as the sun breeds clouds. Take him when or where you might, you never took him by surprise; and most of the brightest illustrations of his wit, like Douglas Jerrold's, were those that he struck out on the spur of the moment. His reply, for instance, to the beautiful girl who complained, "Oh, Mr. Sydney, this pea will never come to perfection," "Then permit me to lead perfection to the pea," is in its style perfect. Even French wit and chivalry has never excelled that; and in the Court of Louis XIV. it would have been crowned with a cardinal's hat. There was a touch of the courtier as well as of the wit in his reply to the lady who, arguing in a large party that it was always high tide at London Bridge at twelve o'clock, appealed to him with, "Now, Mr. Smith, is it not so?" "It used not to be so, I believe, formerly, but perhaps the Lord Mayor and Aldermen have altered it lately." He traced out the analogies of things with marvelous quickness. Of a couple of talkers he said: "There is the same difference between their tongues as between the hour and the minute hand: one goes ten times as fast, and the other signifies ten times as much." "If you mast-head a sailor for not doing his duty, why should you not weather-cock a parishioner for refusing to pay tithes?" Of a poet who wrote with great labor—"How is Rogers?" "He is not very well." "Why, what is the matter?" "Oh, don't you know he has produced a couplet? When our friend is delivered of a couplet, with infinite labor and pain, he takes to his bed, has straw laid down, the knocker tied up, expects his friends to call and make inquiries, and the answer at the door invariably is, 'Mr. Rogers and his little couplet are as well as can be expected.' When he produces an Alexandrine, he keeps his bed a day longer."

Combining a vivid imagination with this brilliant gift of hitting upon analogies, with these high spirits, and this remarkable fluency of expression, Sydney Smith was, as a talker, irresistible; and, except Macaulay, he generally talked every guest at a table into silence. His habit was to fire right across the table, and to talk upon any subject that happened to be started, rarely starting any thing of his own. Unlike most wits, he owed none of his excitement to wine. Wine generally depressed his spirits, as it did Byron's; and when he had drunk nothing but a glass of barley-water he was in his highest spirits. These were his happiest hours of inspiration; and the slightest hint set him off striking out analogies, playing with them in his imagination, and adorning them with the flowers of his fancy. And you could generally trace his wit, as it were, in the process of manufacture. That was one of the charms of his conversation. His intellect was like an electric coil; you touched it, and it flashed out in sparkling coruscations at the touch. The conversation at one of Rogers's breakfasts turns upon American birds. "My dear Rogers," says Smith, "if we were both in America, we should be tarred and feathered; and, lovely as we are by nature, I should be an ostrich and you an emu." Sir Charles Lyell's book is brought on the carpet, and people wonder what sort of a spectacle our era will present to the Sir Charles Lyell of the next geological epoch. "Yes, imagine an excavation on the sight of St. Paul's; fancy a lecture, by the Owen of some future age, on the thigh-bone of a Minor Canon, or the tooth of a dean—the form, qualities, the knowledge, tastes, propensities, he would discover from them." It was in this spirit that, picturing the embarrassments of the London University, he drew his sketch of the bailiffs seizing on the air-pump, the exhausted receiver, and galvanic batteries, and chasing the professor of modern history round the quadrangle. His list of tortures—dooming Mrs. Marcet, for example, to listen for a thousand years to conversations between Caroline and Emily, where Caroline should always give wrong explanations in chemistry, and Emily, in the end, be unable to distinguish an acid from an alkali; and Macaulay to have false dates and facts of the reign of Queen Anne forever shouted in his ears, all liberal and honest opinions ridiculed in his presence, and not able to say a single word in their defense, was thrown off in a conversation at Romilly's on the tortures that Dante had invented. And so, too, was his description of the Utilitarians. "That man is so hard," says Smith, criticising a quotation from Mr. James Mill, or one of the Westminster Reviewers, "that you might drive a broad-wheeled wagon over him, and it would produce no impression; if you were to bore holes in him with a gimlet, I am convinced saw-dust would come out of him. He and his school treat mankind as if they were mere machines; the feelings or affections never enter into their calculations. If every thing is to be sacrificed to utility, why do you bury your grandmother at all? why don't you cut her into small pieces at once, and make potable soup of her?"

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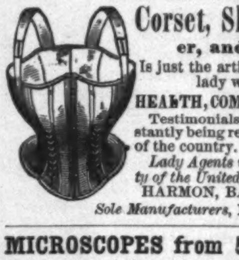

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CONTENTS:

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ILLUSTRATIONS.—Port Townsend.—Map of Puget Sound.—Victoria, British Columbia.—The Duke of York.—Queen Victoria.—Chinook Woman and Child.—Indian Girls and Canoe.—The "Tenas Man."—The "Memoloose House," or Cemetery.—Lumbering in Washington Territory: Preparing Logs.—Seattle, Washington Territory.—"Tacona," or Mount Rainier.—Street in Olympia, Washington Territory.—Nanaimo, Vancouver Island.—Indian School at Nanaimo.—Indian Camp at Cape Midge, Vancouver Island.
A SUNSET MEMORY.
SOUTH-COAST SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND.—(*Saunter VI., Part II.*)
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Dane John, Canterbury.—Shield of the Black Prince.—Coat of the Black Prince.—Autograph of the Black Prince.—Arms of the Black Prince.—Norman Staircase.—A Biddenden Biscuit, 1773.—Dr. Longley, the late Archbishop of Canterbury.—Dr. Tait, the Archbishop of Canterbury.
THE DAISIES.
AMONG THE PEACHES.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Gathering the Fruit.—At the Landing.—Canning-Room.—"See my Smocksins."—Paring-Room.—A Peach-Brandy Still.—The Ball after Supper.
FREDERICK THE GREAT.—X. THE INVASION OF BOHEMIA AND THE RETREAT.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The King in the Tower at Collin.—The Pandours.—Prince Leopold inspecting the Army in his "Cart."—Plan of Battle of Hohenfriedberg, June 4, 1745.
UP AND DOWN.
A DAY AMONG THE QUAKERS.
THE MESSAGE.
SE-QUO-YAH.
With a Portrait.
THE OLD LOVE AGAIN. BY ANNIE THOMAS.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Under a Weeping-Willow.—The Meeting.
IN WALL STREET.
WAS IT H, OR K?
WITH A FLOWER.
ANNE FURNESS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "MABEL'S PROGRESS," "VERONICA," &c.
FEMALE SUFFRAGE.—A LETTER TO THE CHRISTIAN WOMEN OF AMERICA.—(*Part II.*)
A DREAM OF A DEAD FACE.
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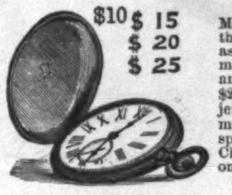

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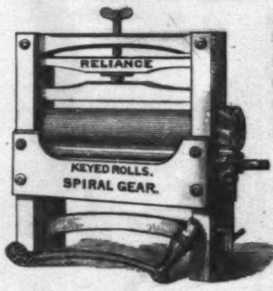
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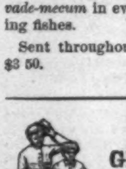

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